

Compersion

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Compersion

by [StratsWrote](#), [whiskeyandspite](#)

Summary

"I enjoy beauty in all its forms," Hannibal replied, breaking Will's reverie. "And there are many."

"Roses have thorns and all that."

"Thorns, yes. Or sarcasm."

Will's a simple guy. He likes tattoos, piercings, his dog Winston, and his annoying friend Bev. He certainly does *not* have a crush on the florist next door, and he *absolutely* doesn't have a crush on said florist's twin brother who runs the bar Will sometimes works at. It's complicated, okay?

Notes

A beautiful prompt by the AMAZING friend who asked for the Lecter twins who are both in love with Will, and Will being in love with them both. We decided not to go the incest route, so the brothers do share Will, and there is a threesome scene with all of them together, but it's both of them loving on Will, not each other. So if that squicks you, FEAR NOT!

(also I have attempted terrible photoshop to give an idea of Will's ink)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1



Will wasn't used to waking up to the smell of fresh flowers. That was still new.

He rolled over with a groan and shoved his face into the mattress as his hand sought blindly for his phone to check the time. His alarm hadn't gone off but that didn't mean much; he'd forgotten to set it before, and Winston liked to sleep in as much as Will did.

It was late morning, which meant Will had plenty of time to not get out of bed until the very last moment and make himself presentable for work. It also meant that he had time to starfish out on the sheets and consider through half-closed eyes the freesias that stood frothing out of an old beer glass on his windowsill.

Hannibal had given them to Will a week ago. *Maybe you're not wrong about bringing some life into the place*, Will had told him, leaning his shoulder against the jamb of Hannibal's back door as he sorted through a fresh delivery. *No idea what kind though, so go wild, I'll trust your choice.*

By the end of the day, Hannibal had left a sizeable bucket of freesias for Will at the place he usually took his afternoon smoke break. Bev had laughed her ass off when she saw them, immediately grabbing her phone where she found something that made her laugh even harder.

"Maybe he just thinks they'll make the place smell nice."

“He’s a florist, Will, he does this for a fucking job. He doesn’t just give out flowers coz they’re pretty or smell nice.”

“That’s literally all flowers are for.”

Bev had slapped him hard on the chest and pushed her phone into his hand before returning to the shop.

That was the day Will found out that flowers had a *language* apparently. Different types of flowers and herbs and leaves all meant something. Different colors meant other things, mixing a bouquet a certain way meant something else. It was honestly too complicated, and Will really didn’t care, but what did catch his eye was the meaning of freesias, before he returned Bev’s phone to her.

Passion and joy.

He’d been brooding over it ever since.

Did Hannibal mean for the flowers to bring those things into his shop with them? Did he mean for them to bring those things to Will? Was that what Will made him feel and think of?

He ducked his face into the bed again and made a low noise of displeasure. He didn’t need this right now. He was working two jobs and surviving on two-minute noodles. He didn’t need to know if the handsome florist who shared a closed courtyard with his tattoo parlor was sending him secret messages through flowers.

Today, he had the lineart for a sleeve and a tramp stamp on a shy 19-year-old who seemed unlikely to ever wear the sort of clothes that would show off a tramp stamp. But she’d seemed enthusiastic during her consultation, and Will was not in the habit of telling customers what they wanted. They gave him money, he gave them ink, end of transaction.

“Your boyfriend came by this morning,” Bev told him when he dragged himself into work. Will groaned.

“He’s not my boyfriend,” he said stiffly, double checking the appointment book. Bev had squeezed a touchup into the tiny space between the sleeve and the tramp stamp. Will worked fast, but he was still going to be exhausted by the end of this. And then 8pm-3am bartending, lather, rinse, repeat.

“Well, he’s trying real hard to be,” Bev said, hiding a snicker in the palm of her hand. “He was worried the freesias would have wilted by now. Well, actually, I’m pretty sure he thought we’d have killed them or used them as an ashtray, but he’s too polite to say that.”

He was, indeed. Hannibal was so unbearably polite, even when he was looking icily down his nose at you, that it made Will self-conscious. “I haven’t killed them yet,” Will said, ducking back into the tiny room where he did his work.

Bev had placed the bucket directly in the center of his padded table, near-overflowing with reds and pinks.

"Carnations," She explained, leaning against the doorjamb and smirking. "So we've got love, again, *of course* , but also admiration and fascination. He finds you *interesting* ."

"He's wasting his flowers on me," Will corrected, but he spread his fingers to touch against the frilled petals anyway. Even if the man really was just dumping off buckets of unsold stock at his door, the attention was nice.

These ones didn't smell, like the freesias had.

"Don't you have work to do?" Will asked Bev, turning with a raised brow. "You know, the work I *pay* you for?"

Bev snorted. "Yeah. You. Mr Bookkeeper and check writer."

Will shook his head, amused, and took the bucket off his table. "Go pierce a nipple."

"Really, Graham? Came up with that one all on your own?"

"Had it up my sleeve for days," Will grinned, waving Bev off gently until she finally turned to go. Will had to set up, wipe down the counter and machine, find the plastic sleeves that went over everything, replace the paper towels...

Instead, he grabbed his phone and checked the meaning of carnations on it, chewing his lip as he considered Bev's words. It was flattering to be found interesting when more often than not, Will wondered how he wasn't dying from the drudge of day to day.

"Hey," Bev called from the front desk, "Does he know I pierced *your* nipples?"

"Fuck off, Bev!"

Hannibal met Will several hours later on his smoke break. Hannibal didn't smoke, and looked perpetually disgusted by Will's habit, but he was always there, gently nudging his outdoor plants around and offering his company.

"Did you like the flowers?" He didn't look up from the lilacs he was catering to, but Will could feel the weight of his attention.

"You waste product on me," Will murmured, drawing in a slow, relaxing drag, "You could sell those."

"You didn't like them, then."

"They were beautiful! That's the problem."

Hannibal tilted his head. He was smiling, knowing and slightly smug. Will flushed and turned his face away.

"There's no room for these kinds of things in my life," he explained. The cigarette was no longer soothing. Instead, it ramped up his anxiety, his awareness of being seen. Frustrated, Will stabbed it out into his ashtray. "I can barely take care of myself and my dog."

“There’s room in everyone’s life for beauty,” Hannibal said, “And fleeting beauty is only more valuable for its brevity.”

Will snorted. Philosophical bastard. He crossed his arms and considered Hannibal's form, bent one moment, crouched the next. He touched the flowers the way Will wanted Hannibal to touch *him* and that in itself was worrying.

"You already deal with brevity enough here," Will pointed out. Hannibal's smile over his shoulder was as infuriating as it was warming.

They hadn't started off this friendly. The first time Will had met the man he'd been shirtless and bent over the air-conditioning unit in the courtyard, Wardruna howling through the portable Bluetooth speaker at his side. Hannibal had politely asked him to turn the music down, as it was affecting the plants.

The fucking plants?

Yes. All living things respond to music. Everyone has a preference.

Will had thought he was the biggest dickhead, but he'd lowered the volume all the same. This was the dickhead he paid rent to.

"I enjoy beauty in all its forms," Hannibal replied, breaking Will's reverie. "And there are many."

"Roses have thorns and all that."

"Thorns, yes. Or sarcasm."

Despite what Bev liked to say, Will was not oblivious. He could recognize flirtation when it was aimed directly at him. It was just an incredibly bad idea.

They were very different people. Hannibal surrounded himself with delicate, perfected beauty. Will had a full sleeve on his left arm, was working his way up the right leg, and had a few more pieces scattered around his body. That was without taking the piercings into mind. Will was as far from delicate as they came.

“Careful,” Will warned, “Rose thorns can be irritating.”

He did not flee to the safety of his shop. He briskly walked.

Tramp stamp girl was unfathomably pleased with her ink. She promptly hid it beneath the same oversized hoodie she’d worn to their consultation, but if she was happy, Will was happy. Not everyone felt a need to show off their ink.

“Got a Prince Albert first thing tomorrow. You sure you don’t want one?” Bev had been teasing Will about genital piercings since the last time he’d let her stab him. He was

considering adding another ring to his ear, just to sate her incessant need to poke holes into him.

"You have fun with that. Five bucks says this one cries."

"Half of them cry," Bev said dismissively, "You never do."

"Still no, Bev. And I'm coming in late tomorrow," Will added, closing up the register drawer.

"Another late night?"

"You know me," Will said with a wry smile, "Workaholic."

They closed relatively early some days - six or seven - to be able to remain open til ungodly hours others. Sometimes Will would take a particularly complex commission that would have him and the client in the shop til almost midnight.

On early days, Hannibal would still be behind the till. He often made arrangements of flowers that could not remain fresh for sale the next day. What he did with them Will could only guess. But he'd been preoccupied all day thinking about the damned freesias in his room and the carnations in the shop and the multiple tabs open on his phone about the language of bloody flowers.

When Will knocked briskly at the front glass door, Hannibal took his time letting him in. His sleeves were rolled up to his elbows and his fingers were damp from arranging freshly sprayed stems.

"Will."

"Sorry. I'm just on my way out and realized I needed a gift for someone. I can come back if -"

"Certainly not." Hannibal gestured for him to step in, closing the door behind Will and passing him to return to the counter. "Would you like a recommendation?"

"No I uh... I'm good. Thank you. I won't be long."

"Take your time."

Will hated how that made him feel. Too warm and too comfortable. He grabbed his phone and beelined for the appropriate flower. He fucking hoped anyway.

Hydrangeas. Specifically purple ones.

Thank fuck Hannibal had some. Will hadn't thought of a backup. He took up the stem with its heavy head of tiny flowers and grasped it carefully in his right hand. What the hell. Flowers were nice. Dalliances could be, too.

Maybe.

Hopefully.

Unless he'd accidentally chosen a flower that represented betrayal.

"Hey," Will said, coming nearer to Hannibal as the other continued to work. "Just this one."

Hannibal rang him up with no small amount of curiosity on his face. He also looked just a bit... jealous? Will swallowed, mouth dry.

"For a friend?" Hannibal asked, handing Will his change.

"Yeah," Will said, offering Hannibal the flower in exchange.

There was a pause, a moment where they both floundered, where Hannibal's confusion was writ across his face and Will's own face was burning.

Then Hannibal took the flower, holding it as gently as others may have held an infant.

"Thank you Will. It's lovely."

"Yeah, well..." Will coughed and turned his red face away. In his head, this had been a lot smoother. In practice, he seemed to have all the confidence and charisma of a middle schooler.

"I'm afraid I don't have any flowers that represent a dinner invitation," Hannibal said, "But I was just about to close up, if you have the time."

"I have another commitment," Will said apologetically, "But... I have time tomorrow?"

Hannibal's smile reached his eyes and narrowed them, though his mouth barely tilted upwards as he inclined his head.

"Tomorrow, then."

"You're not going dressed like that."

"I look fine."

"No, you look like you. *He* will look fine."

"Thanks, Bev." Will bent closer to the mandala he was working detailing through and shaded another petal. A quick wipe with a paper towel and he darkened it, creating an ombre effect. "Didn't you say he liked me for me? Why should I bother peacocking when it won't last anyway."

"How do you know?"

Will looked up at his client. Old timer, he'd been coming to Will and Bev since before they owned their own shop. Had had an epiphany at fifty-seven that he could do whatever the hell

he wanted with his body and had been collecting ink ever since.

"You know that Taylor Swift song? I'm not cheer captain."

"Wow, Graham."

A moment and all of them laughed together, warm and amused.

"At least make an effort."

"I'm wearing a shirt that buttons up."

"Do your jeans have holes in them?"

"Strategically placed ornamentation."

"That hasn't been strategic since punk rock blew up London," Will's client muttered.

"If you have so many opinions why don't *you* date him?" Will asked, laughing.

"Because I'm pretty sure you can take me in a fight."

Will didn't change his clothes, stubbornly glaring at Bev every time she tried to fix his hair. Hannibal could deal with the tattoos visible through his jeans and the mess on his head. It wasn't like he didn't know what he was getting into with Will.

Hannibal *picked him up*, as if they didn't work about ten feet from each other. He stepped into the shop, cringing slightly at the music and holding flowers, because of course he was.

"Calla lilies," he explained, pressing the bouquet into Will's hands. Will could hear Bev tapping frantically on her phone, and he hastily nudged Hannibal towards the door.

"See you tomorrow!" He yelled over his shoulder, attempting to drown out Bev's surge of giggles.

Hannibal seemed unfazed by the reaction, watching Will instead, and Will couldn't help his own laugh as he shook his head and looked at the flowers in his hands.

"She's become addicted to figuring out what all the flowers you give me mean."

"I'm always happy to inspire new-found interest in archaic arts."

Will laughed again, feeling himself relax with how calm Hannibal himself was. Maybe this wouldn't be so terrible. Maybe if it didn't work out - and Will was still certain it wouldn't - at least they'd remain amicable. He felt himself tense up again, however, as soon as he saw Hannibal's car.

"Oh you've got to be shitting me."

A Bentley. Of course Hannibal drove a goddamn Bentley. Will couldn't even remember the make of his car off the top of his head, he'd replaced the back window and its frame a few

times already. Hannibal looked askance.

"I used to be able to count on both hands the number of reasons you were out of my league but I'm running out of fingers."

Hannibal hummed, holding the door open for Will to get into the passenger side. "Does material wealth define one's personality?"

"No," Will agreed, bringing his hand to his mouth almost shyly as Hannibal got behind the wheel. "But you know me, I'm a slave to societal expectations."

Hannibal's house was somehow worse. He led Will through an elegantly decorated dining room into a kitchen out of a chef's wet dream. Will didn't dare ask about the wine Hannibal poured them; from his description of its flavors and the history of the French vineyard, it probably cost as much as the Bentley.

Hannibal liked to cook. He apparently liked it even more than he liked flowers, his hands moving smooth and quick over his tools. It reminded Will of the first tattoo he'd ever gotten, the careful way the artist had guided the gun over his skin.

"Any art worth doing is worth doing well," Hannibal told him as he worked a cut of meat with his hands. "As you already know. I've seen the work you put into your customers."

Will wasn't used to anyone as... *upscale* as Hannibal was describing what he did as art. He blushed and ducked his head. "I was under the impression you weren't fond of my work."

"I can appreciate a painting's quality even if I may not wish to hang it on my wall," Hannibal said. He glanced at Will, his smile soft, "and on you, Will, I have learned to see the appeal."

Will clicked his tongue and took another sip of wine to drown whatever words were going to pour out of his mouth right then. Acceptance of the praise, rejection of it and an alternative self-deprecating rejoinder, a helpless whine because Will had no idea what to do, he was so far out of his depth here, and yet Hannibal never made him feel as though he were inferior, or not worthy of being in his company.

Quite the opposite. Hannibal made Will feel as though *his* company was precious to Hannibal.

They each had another glass of wine as Hannibal made dinner, falling into comfortable discourse about art through the ages - Will had spent two agonizing years at art school before he'd simply quit to apprentice with a tattoo artist, and he had a fantastic memory for what he liked to refer to as "useless trivia".

They discussed the art on Hannibal's walls. They discussed the significance of tattooing throughout history. They briefly bantered about modern art before Will laughed and admitted defeat - *it never made sense to me anyway* .

Dinner was delicious.

Hannibal's smile was making Will's skin feel over-sensitive.

The wine wasn't going to his head but working as a fuel for his budding confidence, and when Hannibal stood to take their plates to the sink, Will followed him.

"I'm afraid the dessert may -"

But Will was kissing him. Hands gentle on either side of Hannibal's face, eyes closed and lips just barely parted as he pressed against him, and when Hannibal reciprocated, opened his mouth to Will's, he moaned.

Hannibal turned them both, crowding Will up against the counter. He kissed him soft and slow, easing Will into it like stepping into a warm bath. Will was hesitant at first, remembering the stud in his tongue, but Hannibal was more than happy to take over and lick his way into Will's mouth.

They parted with a shared breath, Hannibal's forehead pressed to Will's. "You undo me," he whispered, and kissed Will again.

Less gentle this time, the slight tug of teeth against Will's lower lip. Will pulled Hannibal close and felt hard heat against his thigh. The noise Hannibal made rippled through Will and coaxed out a moan of his own.

"Dessert?" Will teased when they separated. Hannibal cupped his jaw, eyes bright, lips reddened.

"It will keep."

Hannibal's fingers tugged open the buttons of Will's shirt, exposing bare skin bit by bit. "Very surrealist of you," he murmured, scraping his nails down over the scribbled clock on Will's chest to thumb at a nipple.

"I drew it myself," Will explained, "I had encephalitis two years ago-" he cut himself off with a hiss as Hannibal lowered his head to the other nipple, teasing at it with his tongue.

Because it didn't matter. What the fuck did it matter? He got sick, he got better. And now a ridiculously handsome man was sucking bruises into his skin and Will wanted to be nowhere else. Hannibal caught the small bar Will wore there against his teeth and tugged, and the sound Will made wouldn't have been out of place in a porn video.

"Fuck, do that again," he moaned, tugging Hannibal's immaculate hair out of place with one hand as his other sought the man's hip to cling on to him.

Hannibal obliged him and Will's head dropped back with a whimper this time.

He wanted absolutely everything like he was starved for it. He wanted Hannibal to fuck him right there, bent over his expensive marble countertops. He wanted Hannibal's mouth on his cock.

No.

God .

Will wanted Hannibal's cock in *his* mouth. Hannibal's fingers in his ass, tugging his hair, groaning his name -

"Will,"

"God, yes, whatever the fuck it is, yes." Will told him, yanking Hannibal back up to kiss him as Will's hands worked frantically at the complicated knot in his tie.

"A bed, perhaps?" Hannibal murmured against his lips, "You, spread out over it."

"Yes," Will repeated, shoving Hannibal's suit jacket down over his arms, "Yes, you have the best ideas."

Will's shirt and Hannibal's jacket were both lost to the kitchen. Hannibal's tie ended up draped over the banister, and Will accidentally scattered the buttons of Hannibal's shirt when Hannibal bit down hard on one of his nipple piercings.

Hannibal accepted no apologies, intent on having Will naked on his bed. Once that goal was achieved, he started at Will's ankles and kissed his way up, lingering over tattoos as if he could pluck Will's favorites from his mind.

Will was squirming by the time Hannibal claimed his lips again, impatient and eager. "I need to get my mouth on you," he whispered, licking at Hannibal's jaw, making sure he felt the ball of Will's tongue piercing right over his pulse.

A low rumbling hum was his answer, and Will pressed up against Hannibal's shoulders to flip their positions, straddling him and kissing the man deep before making his way down Hannibal's body in turn.

He nuzzled with unashamed need in the warmth of Hannibal's chest hair, nipping gently but not yet sucking his nipples. No, Will knew exactly where he was going. His mouth was watering for it.

Hannibal was girthier, a little larger, and his foreskin had already pulled back just far enough to reveal the shiny pink head of his cock. Will immediately sucked it, no pretense of innocence or inexperience when his entire body sang to taste Hannibal and commit him to memory.

He didn't care if he came right then - and it was a very real possibility - as long as he got to taste Hannibal before that gorgeous cock fucked Will into blissful oblivion.

He drew his tongue over the length of him, flicked his eyes up to catch Hannibal's, and opened his mouth wide to let the man see himself sinking deeper and deeper between Will's lips.

The pleased groan he got in response made Will grin, as much as he could around his mouthful. He swallowed Hannibal all the way down and then slowly drew his head up, dragging his piercing along the underside of Hannibal's cock and letting it press teasingly

beneath the glans. This was the entire reason college-aged Will had gotten this piercing, and he always loved putting it to use, pulling men to pieces beneath him.

Hannibal tangled a hand in his hair, taking Will's enthusiastic moan as approval. He rolled his hips up, filling Will's mouth in careful thrusts. When he nudged at the back of Will's throat, Will swallowed greedily around him and coaxed rougher thrusts from Hannibal's hips.

Will loved to tease and torment, but he loved even more to be fucked, any way he could get it. He loved when his partners lost their composure, when they clung tight to him and fucked his mouth in short, desperate thrusts.

When Hannibal pulled Will off, it was Will who whined, mouth open wide and eager. Hannibal hauled him up into a rough kiss, rolling them so he had Will on his back and was close enough to reach the bedside table.

"I won't last if you keep that up," he murmured, trailing kisses down Will's throat, "and there's so much I still want to do to you."

Will groaned but nodded. He couldn't deny him. Hell why would he *want to* ?

He turned his head and watched Hannibal reach to find the condoms and lube. He spread his legs wide and eager, his cock aching and leaking against his stomach as Hannibal sat back to look at him.

"Beautiful," Hannibal told him, and Will grinned and preened.

"So what do you want to do to me?" He asked.

Hannibal pretended to consider the question, one hand working open the bottle as his other stroked himself slowly, up and down, Will's eyes following the head as it disappeared and reappeared behind Hannibal's fingers.

"I want to make you come," Hannibal told him. "With my tongue buried in your ass. With my fingers deeper still. I want your voice to break and your body to shiver. I want to fuck you hard enough to drive the bed against the wall and leave marks for me to remember."

Will moaned, drawing up his knees as he dropped a hand to hold tight to the base of his cock. He'd never heard Hannibal swear before and if he did it again it would push Will over.

"Start with that," Will told him. "Start with the fucking."

Hannibal leaned down to bite a bruise into his chest, sliding one finger into him, forceful enough for Will to arch his back in a bid for more. "Whatever you like," he said, a second finger already prodding at Will's entrance, "we have plenty of time for the rest."

Will liked the thought of it. That perhaps this could be more than a hasty, one-time tumble. That somehow, he appealed to Hannibal, and he could have this again and again and-

"Again!" Will gasped, his voice breaking as Hannibal curved his fingers against his prostate. Hannibal nipped teasingly at Will's pierced nipples, tugging at the barbells to drag whimpers

from Will. His fingers grazed obediently over Will's sweet spot, rubbing until Will's cock leaked against his belly.

"Now," Will insisted, arching his back to raise his ass from the bed, "Now, Hannibal, I'm ready."

Hannibal wasted no time. Will had never had a lover as eager to give him what he wanted as Hannibal was. He separated from Will only long enough to grab a condom, and then he was easing his way inside, swallowing Will's moans with a harsh press of his lips.

Will wrapped his arms over Hannibal's shoulders, drew up his knees to further open his legs and took everything Hannibal gave him.

If Will were honest, and he rarely was, even with himself, this was exactly how he'd imagined Hannibal would fuck. Purposeful, methodical, deliberate. He took Will so thoroughly he was seeing stars within moments, clinging to him and begging for *harder; more, please, fuck, more...*

He'd imagined this after the first time they'd met, Will playing unsavoury music and Hannibal telling him off as though he were a little kid, not a fully grown man of thirty-one. He'd imagined Hannibal shoving him up against a wall, yanking down his pants and punish-fucking him until he'd come, hard as a teenager, from the thought.

And this... this felt like that.

Only the way Hannibal kissed him made Will's knees weak, and the way he fucked him was as rough as it was intimate, kissing Will's skin, tormenting his nipples, squeezing his ass to spread Will impossibly wider for Hannibal's cock.

Will gasped out desperate moans, pitching higher every time Hannibal pinched at his nipples or bit down against his throat. He was going to wear bruises and hickeys for days, Hannibal's teeth staking their claim. Will could barely keep up, heels digging into the bed to try and rock back into Hannibal's deep thrusts.

Hannibal dragged one of Will's knees up, biting at his calf and then nearly bending Will in half. The other leg soon followed, until Will's thighs were against his chest and he was crying with how damn good it felt.

There was no responding like this, no leverage to try and give back what he was getting. Hannibal had Will trapped and at his mercy, hands on Will's hips as he dragged him onto his cock. The bed shook. Will shook. Hannibal looked at him so intensely he felt like he was breaking, heels digging into Hannibal's back as he raced towards the edge.

Will's climax took him almost by surprise, driven out of him by Hannibal's punishing thrusts. Will cried out, nails dragging across sheets as he tried to hold himself together, but Hannibal smiled a wickedly pleased smile and wrapped a hand around Will's cock, stroking in time with the motion of his hips. Will spilled over his stomach, each thrust seeming to force more fluid from him, until the oversensitivity left him whimpering.

"Fuck, Hannibal," Will could barely draw a breath, his body was aching in the best possible way and Hannibal was still fucking him and Will had no idea how he'd gotten so damn lucky.

"God I want to make you come," Will moaned, arching up and gasping as Hannibal continued to take him apart with lips and teeth and deep, hard thrusts. "In me, on me,"

Hannibal groaned, pressing his forehead to Will's clavicle as he adjusted his position and found a rhythm that would bring him over. Will tugged his hair, spread his fingers down Hannibal's back.

"Gonna wear your marks to work tomorrow," he promised breathlessly. "Wear an old shirt with the collar loose so you can see -"

Another groan, low and needy, and Will curled his nails over Hannibal's scalp.

"Gonna think about you just like this, gonna think of your hands on me as you arrange your fucking flowers."

"Will."

"Come on," Will moaned, dropping a hand back to catch the headboard as Hannibal worked himself closer and closer in the tight confines of Will's body. When he pulled out, still hard, Will damn near whimpered. But Hannibal merely removed the condom, stroked himself just once and came hot and thick over Will's belly and chest.

Claiming.

Owning.

Will wondered if he could get hard again so soon because that was the hottest thing he'd ever seen.

Hannibal held himself on shaking arms over Will, kissing softly at his cheeks, the corners of his eyes. Will laughed and batted him away, until Hannibal was curled warm around his side.

"You are beautiful," Hannibal murmured, trailing gentle fingers over Will's chest, neatly avoiding the mess he'd made. Will snorted.

"You've already got me, Hannibal, no need for flattery."

"Do I?" Hannibal asked. When Will turned his head, his eyes were soft, and very, very close. Close enough for their noses to touch.

"Yeah," Will said softly, "Yeah, you do."

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Clubs were Will's least favorite places to work, and unfortunately the most common. He'd done a handful of catered conferences, a few weddings, but more often than not, he was working a club.

Clubs were loud, crowded, and dark. Full of drunk assholes screaming over each other, drowning out the orders faster than Will could make them. He always ended up reeking of booze by the end, someone's beer dripping down his shirt.

...enter Nigel...

Will was slowly getting used to waking up to the smell of fresh flowers.

He didn't stay the night at Hannibal's often, every second or third night of the week he was out til ungodly hours tending bar for whoever would have him. But the nights he could stay, Will relished.

He and Hannibal, it turned out, had quite enough to talk about, thank you very much. Prim and proper clothing aside, Hannibal had the most fantastic sense of humor, cooked like a professional and fucked like a God. And for some unknown, inexplicable reason, he absolutely adored Will.

"There aren't three lunch breaks in a day, Graham."

"My business my rules."

"You won't *have* a business living by those rules," Bev pointed out, and Will laughed. It was a slow one for them, so he was touching up one of Bev's tattoos. It wasn't one of his, but he knew the artist. It felt almost like a violation adding shadows and sharpening the outline when the man had been his mentor.

Will swiped away a few beads of blood that had bubbled up over the design and sat back, reaching for a new towel and the spray bottle. Bev let him work, once in a while ducking her head to check the progress, but it wasn't as though she didn't trust the guy. She'd known Will since their tumultuous college years and had as much of his ink as he had her piercings.

Another ten minutes and Will was looking at the clock again and she smacked the back of his head.

"What?"

“If I let you go make out with your boyfriend will you actually concentrate when you get back?”

“I’m concentrating,” Will protested, offended. “Do you think I’d give you anything less than my best work?”

“No,” Bev said, “But I think you’d slow way the fuck down so you could moon over Lecter’s ass.”

“I’m going to smack you right over this fresh ink,” Will warned, setting his tools to the side.

“You wouldn’t. You care too much about your work.”

She was right, but he stuck his tongue out at her anyway. They knew each other too well, too prone to childish sibling fights. She was still mocking him when he hurried out the door.

Hannibal’s shop made good business, but it was rarely *busy*, barring holidays. People came in, placed their orders for ridiculous amounts of flowers, and left. In between, Hannibal tended to his blooms or read quietly. The shop was more of a hobby for him, and he had no problem turning the sign to ‘closed’ when Will stopped by so they could speak uninterrupted.

That, and backing Will up against the glass cases in the back room, a hand in his hair, teeth in his throat.

But Will was hardly going to complain about a little extra attention.

He never complained, actually, half the time the only sounds he could make were helpless, wanton moans. He was just as hungry for Hannibal as Hannibal was for him, and sitting back, now, tonguing a drop of come from the corner of his mouth, Will grinned.

“You certainly have a way of keeping your customers.”

“I only have a desire to keep one. Dinner?”

Will shook his head, apologetic. “Work.”

“Ah.”

Will stood, grasping Hannibal’s lapels and leaning in to kiss him, smiling when Hannibal’s hands immediately went to cup his face, where moments before they had been harsh in his hair, scratching down the back of his neck.

“I finish at three.”

“I see.”

“And the shop doesn’t open til one tomorrow.”

“Doesn’t it?”

Will shook his head. “Does yours?”

“A proprietor can make his own hours.”

“What a favorable coincidence.”

“Quite.”

Will didn’t want to go. He really didn’t. It wasn’t that he didn’t like tending bar, he did, and he got to work at different venues all over the city which kept the gig interesting. But the last few weeks, and Hannibal, had made him want to slow down and just take in the absurdity of his life. He was still waiting for the other shoe to drop, in a way, though Hannibal was nothing but open with his affections and intentions for their relationship going forward.

He kissed Hannibal again, chaste, just once, and rubbed their noses together.

“I gotta go.”

“Should I leave the chain off the door?”

Will hummed, pleased. “Do. Bev can grab Winston in the morning and bring him in.”

Hannibal stole one last kiss, lingering, filling Will with helpless regret.

But the shop was barely keeping above water, and Will had bills to pay.

Clubs were Will’s least favorite places to work, and unfortunately the most common. He’d done a handful of catered conferences, a few weddings, but more often than not, he was working a club.

Clubs were loud, crowded, and dark. Full of drunk assholes screaming over each other, drowning out the orders faster than Will could make them. He always ended up reeking of booze by the end, someone’s beer dripping down his shirt.

“Haven’t seen you around, gorgeous.”

Will turned to take another order (and dissuade another drunk trying to flirt their way to a free drink), and froze.

His first thought was ‘Hannibal,’ but this man smiled with far more teeth, and Will would have known if Hannibal had decided to tattoo a pinup girl along the length of his throat.

“You must be Nigel,” Will said, after only a moment of embarrassing floundering.

“And you are far too fucking cute to be behind that bar.”

Will raised a brow. “Don’t tell me. You’d rather see me on it.”

Nigel laughed, a bark of a sound where Hannibal’s laughs were always restrained. It felt unreal seeing a goddamn carbon copy of his boyfriend - that didn’t feel like the right term

either - in a club, tattooed and brazen and wearing a shirt with most of its buttons undone.

Hannibal had mentioned he had a brother.

He had *not* mentioned that brother was an identical twin.

“Would you like a drink, Nigel?”

“Only if you have one with me, darling.”

“Alas, I can’t drink on the job.” Will smiled, flipping the towel in his hand over his shoulder. It was shockingly easy to talk to Nigel, probably because he could not get it out of his head that this was Hannibal-not-Hannibal, and Will was by now *very* good at talking to him.

“You can if it’s me you’re working for,” Nigel countered, tapping the bar with his knuckles twice before leaning nearer, right into Will’s personal space. “I insist.”

Will hummed, neither agreement or disagreement, and rested his hands on the counter to hold his weight.

“What’ll it be?”

“Shots.”

Will snorted but complied, snatching up two glasses without looking and slapping them to the bar before reaching for the scotch. He’d never trained as a barman, but he hadn’t trained as an artist either. Will just tried things, and if they worked he kept doing them. He spun the bottle on the palm of his hand and caught it to pour for them both, flipping it once before returning it to its place.

“Shots it is.”

Nigel’s eyes took Will in similarly to how Hannibal’s did; entirely and in a way that made him feel like he was being eaten alive. It felt nice. It shouldn’t have. Will kept his eyes on Nigel’s as they both drank, and drew his lips back in a wince when he was done. Nigel licked his lips and Will couldn’t help but follow the motion.

“You going to tell me your name, baby?”

The pet names were new, Hannibal used Will’s name or any number of words pertaining to beauty and perfection to describe him, but never things like this. It was thrilling, almost. Will shrugged.

“Should be on the contract for the night.”

Nigel laughed. “Not going to tell me?”

Will grinned, shook his head, ducked it to play coy. “Daddy told me never to speak to strangers.”

Someone called for him and Will lifted his hand in an apologetic gesture as he left to take the order.

Nigel no doubt had other things to do. Clubs did not run themselves. Yet every time Will glanced back to that end of the bar, there he was. Sometimes drinking, as Will occasionally poured him a proper glass of scotch and ran off before he could become enthralled, other times staring Will down with piercing brown eyes. Hannibal's eyes. Specifically, the eyes Hannibal had when he was prying Will out of his clothes.

Will felt awkwardly naked, despite the button-down shirt *and* vest.

Things always got rowdier in the last hour of the night. Will consoled himself with a mental countdown until he saw Hannibal again. And told Hannibal he'd been hit on by his twin. When the noise died down and the bouncers ushered everyone out, Will sighed and began cleaning up the bar.

There was a tip under the glass Nigel had been drinking from. There was a *five hundred dollar* tip under the glass. Will stared at it, anger and embarrassment rivaling in his red face. Throwing his towel down, he abandoned the bar, storming across the empty club to the man talking to the bouncers.

"What the hell is this?"

Nigel turned to him, an unsurprised smile on his face. "It's a tip, darling. You earn them when you work the bar."

"It's an insult, is what it is," Will said, shoving the bills into Nigel's chest.

Nigel pretended to stumble and Will found that even more infuriating. "Perhaps it wasn't enough?"

"I'm not a whore," Will told him, deliberately folding the bills to push into the pocket of Nigel's shirt. "I'm not anything but the guy who tended your bar this evening and I got paid for that from the agency."

"And now that you're done," Nigel grabbed his arm and Will felt that same rush he did every time Hannibal manhandled him. "And off the clock. What do you say to a quiet rest of the night in?"

Will swallowed thickly, head clouded with mental images he should not have been having, and shook his head trying to clear it.

"I'm otherwise engaged."

"Cancel it."

Will made a frustrated sound and worked his arm free. "Nigel, I'm flattered. I actually am. But you have no idea how fucked up this is."

Nigel frowned then, in genuine confusion, and the tilt of his head was so familiar, so utterly -

“You look so much like your brother.” Will told him. Nigel blinked.

“You know Hannibal?”

“Intimately.”

A heartbeat, and then comprehension dawned on Nigel’s face. “Ahhh. You’re Hannibal’s boy, then?”

“I’m *seeing* Hannibal,” Will corrected. This only seemed to broaden Nigel’s grin.

“Do you have any siblings, Will?” He asked, stepping closer, back into Will’s personal space. Will swallowed and tried to keep from ducking his head.

“No...?”

Nigel plucked the bills from his pocket and leaned in, wrapping an arm around Will until he could slide the money into Will’s back pocket. His hand lingered there, cupped lightly over the curve of Will’s ass. “Then you don’t know how brothers work. Hannibal’s never owned a toy I haven’t stolen.” He squeezed, just hard enough to stutter Will’s breathing, and then backed away before Will could smack him. Or worse.

--

“Your brother sexually harassed me at work today,” Will said when he climbed into bed beside Hannibal.

Hannibal hummed, low, and wrapped a heavy arm over Will’s middle, dragging him back against his chest.

“You met Nigel.”

“I worked a gig for Nigel,” Will replied, settling against his partner. “He tried to ply me with drink and tipped me five hundred dollars so I’d go home with him.”

Hannibal’s hum was more amused this time. His thumb stroked teasingly over Will’s belly and Will bit his lip with a smile. It was ridiculously early in the morning. Will was truly exhausted. But if Hannibal turned him, now, pressed against his back and spread his legs Will would arch happily for him and take him in.

“Unconscionably rude,” Hannibal murmured against Will’s hair. “In that we differ.”

“You differ in a lot,” Will snorted, wriggling until he was face to face with Hannibal. “He thinks he’ll win me away from you with money and pet names.”

Hannibal’s smile was lazy and slow, catching Will’s hand against his chest to bring it up and kiss his knuckles. Then he guided it down between his legs, moaning in tandem with Will when he stroked.

“Let him try,” Hannibal whispered, kissing Will deep.

Nigel tried.

He tried every time Will worked for him, which, Will noted with dire amusement, was now every shift.

He would buy Will drinks which Will didn't drink. He would tip him, which Will would immediately return. He flirted. Will flirted back. He told Hannibal about it in quick text messages when Will got a chance to go to the bathroom.

But the most awkward part of this entire affair was that Will *liked* being flirted with by Nigel. He liked the way his voice curled on filthy words, he liked the way Nigel got into his face. He liked the way he smelled.

And Will loved how intimate his lovemaking was with Hannibal when he came home after, whispering to him how different they were, and that Will was his own.

This was bad for him. It was unfathomably, immeasurably bad. Will comforted himself with the fact that he'd tried to stop it. It wasn't his fault Nigel wouldn't be stopped. And of course, Hannibal was well aware of everything that went on. There were no secrets, nothing happening behind anyone's back.

Still, Will felt dirty sometimes. In the space between the bar and Hannibal's bed, he felt nervous, uncertain.

And then there were moments like this.

"Tequila, sweetheart?"

Will poured out Nigel's shot, lime hung on the rim, salt shaker beside. Nigel caught him by the hand before he could back off.

"If you're not going to share a drink with me," Nigel said, eyes full of laughter, "You could at least lend me a hand."

And then he licked, slow and teasing, over the fluttering pulse at Will's wrist. Will stared at him, wide eyed, and didn't pull away, even when Nigel spread salt across Will's wrist. Even when he licked it off and ended with a teasing nip to the veins.

"This has to stop."

Nigel crowded Will up by the bar at the end of the night, tucking a stray curl behind his ear and tapping playfully at the silver stud in the lobe. "You don't mean that, darling."

"You're not used to hearing the word 'no' are you?" Will asked him, but his voice hardly held conviction. He was getting so tired of this. He couldn't deny that he wanted them both. He knew both of them knew it. It made Will's cock ache in the worst possible way.

“You’re not saying no,” Nigel pointed out, drawing his thumb down Will’s cheek next, over his lips that Will parted despite his best efforts.

That was a lie.

He didn’t make an effort.

“I’m seeing your brother.” He repeated.

“Oh, I’m aware. You tell me every time I see you. But I truly, absolutely, do not. Fucking. Care.”

Will groaned, setting a hand to Nigel’s chest to shove him away, enough to tug his phone from his pocket. “The difference between the two of you, is that Hannibal *does* .”

Nigel licked his lips, amused. “Does he?”

Will gave him a dry look, and dialled Hannibal.

“Will? Is everything alright.”

“Please call off your brother,” Will begged, “Before you don’t have one anymore.” Because if Nigel kept twisting Will’s insides up like this, Will was going to kill him.

Nigel leaned over him again, close enough for Will to smell the mint of his breath. “Let me handle this, darling.”

“Put Nigel on the phone,” Hannibal agreed.

Will had been outvoted. Nigel pried Will’s phone from his clenched fingers and grinned, kissing the backs of his knuckles. When he spoke, it was not in English.

“Oh, that’s just not fair,” Will complained, when Hannibal’s quiet, tinny voice replied in kind. Nigel blew him another kiss and murmured something that *sounded* filthy, but could have been a grocery list for all Will knew.

Will sometimes felt like they were conspiring against him. Like everything was part of a complex game between the two of them that had very little to do with Will himself. Will was just the catalyst for their brotherly pissing contest.

It surprised him that he didn’t mind. In fact, it made Will feel ridiculously powerful, being in the middle of these two beautiful, far too tempting men who both wanted him.

He met Nigel’s gaze when he looked over, and tried to keep his face clear of expression. He lifted his brow as Nigel passed the phone back, a pleased cat-grin on his face. Will took it.

“Will.”

“Mmm.”

“Do you want him?”

Will’s cheeks flushed and his breath stuttered, and Nigel’s smile widened in knowing pleasure. Will didn’t answer immediately.

“Hannibal -”

“It doesn’t offend me, Will,” Hannibal assured him. “I suppose in a way I should be flattered.”

“This is weird,” Will told him.

“It is. But if you wish,” Hannibal’s tone was that same warm amused thing that woke Will too early with the promise of coffee, watching emotions war on his face on whether or not to be mad or grateful. “You may. You should, in fact.”

Will swallowed, his entire body humming with the possibilities, with the taboo of this, with how desperately he *did actually want it* .

“Will this -”

“It’s certainly unconventional,” Hannibal agreed. “But I doubt it would break what we have. I leave the choice to you, Will, no influence on my end except the promise of my understanding and acquiescence.”

Will huffed a laugh, rubbing his eyes with a knuckle so he could stop staring down Nigel, who was already learning nearer again, the bastard.

“God you’re pretentious,” Will muttered, smiling when Hannibal laughed through the phone.

“Have a good night, Will.”

Will hung up, eyeing Nigel through his fringe before casually flicking it off his forehead and lifting his chin as he bent closer.

“What do you say, darling?” Nigel asked, confident that he knew very well *what* Will would say.

“Take your fucking tip back,” Will told him.

“It was a gift, sweet boy.”

Will’s lip curled. “I’m not for sale, Nigel. You can’t just buy my company.”

“Of course not,” Nigel said. He wrapped an arm around Will’s waist, tugging him in close and nuzzling up under his ear. “But you can let Daddy spoil you a little bit.”

“No.” Will said flatly. Nigel laughed.

“I think we’ve established that you can’t resist me.”

“You’re making it surprisingly easy.”

Nigel’s lips brushed his cheek, his jaw. Will tilted his head back with a little gasp, letting Nigel lick over his throat. “So little faith,” he murmured, and then stooped down.

Will’s world flipped. He yelped, finding himself slung over Nigel’s shoulder. “Nigel!” he complained, “Put me down.”

Nigel patted him gently on the ass as he began to move. “I will soon enough.”

Will covered his face with a hand and laughed helplessly.

He deliberately avoided meeting the eyes of anyone else working the bar. He deliberately avoided shifting more than Nigel was shifting him, because his cock was growing hard at the thought of being just so casually *carried off* by someone to get *fucked* .

Because Nigel certainly wasn’t going to take him to dinner first.

He took Will to his office instead, kicking shut the door and setting Will unceremoniously down onto his desk. Will immediately shoved him, hard enough for Nigel to step back. And when he stepped closer again Will caught his shirt collars and yanked him in to kiss, mouth open and legs wrapping around Nigel’s hips when he stood near.

He didn’t taste like Hannibal, but he felt like him, and Will’s mind was a mess of kinky fantasies slowly coming to life.

“That’s it baby,” Nigel whispered, grinning, allowing Will to kiss him roughly, allowing him to tug and grab, before catching a hand at Will’s throat and shoving him down to the desk properly. “I’m going to take you apart.”

“Big words,” Will replied, going willingly, spreading his legs shamelessly when Nigel’s other hand sought between them. “Nnn fuck.”

“Naughty thing,” Nigel said, working Will’s pants open one handed. The other hand shoved up under Will’s shirt, finding a pierced nipple and pinching. Nigel moaned. “Oh, baby boy, you are a *dream* .”

Will grinned and stuck out his tongue, flashing the silver stud. Nigel covered him, licking into his mouth as his hand slid into Will’s briefs to cup him.

“No piercings here?” he teased when he pulled away.

“Don’t push your luck,” Will growled.

Weeks of taunting each other had pushed them to the brink. Will’s shirt and vest framed him, completely unbuttoned but still on. His pants had vanished, thrown to the floor somewhere, and he was fairly certain Nigel had pocketed his black briefs. Nigel, for his part, had shoved his pants down around his thighs and then immediately gone for the lube he apparently kept in his desk.

“That’s it, baby,” he whispered into Will’s thigh, watching Will thrust back onto his fingers with a hungry look on his face, “Open up for Daddy.”

“Is this... Is this gonna be a *thing* for you?” Will gasped, clenching around the intrusion.

Nigel nipped Will’s thigh and he moaned, uncaring, for that moment, if it was a thing. It could be a thing. For a night with Hannibal’s vulgar, rough, and charming brother, Will could be baby boy if he had to be. It certainly wasn’t easing his erection.

“Come *on* ,” Will panted, pushing down against Nigel’s fingers, aching for another. Nigel swatted his thigh.

“Ask nicely.”

“Oh fuck you,” Will laughed, tugging his hair from his face as he looked down his own body to see Nigel between his legs. God he wanted him. He wanted him like he wanted Hannibal, but the heat was different. Hannibal treated Will like a thing to be worshipped, like he hadn’t ever tasted anything as sweet as Will’s whimpers. Nigel treated him like a boy he’d picked up on the corner.

And Will was here for it.

“Fuck me, Daddy,” he tried instead, biting his lip as Nigel added a third finger and moved up his body to suck against a nipple. Will wasn’t gentle as his hands dug into Nigel’s scalp, he wasn’t keeping himself quiet as he moaned his pleasure. “Need your cock...”

Hearing the words straight from Will’s mouth seemed to undo Nigel. He dragged Will down until he was flush with the edge of the desk and then shoved forward, stretching Will open on his cock.

He was thick like Hannibal, and Will could not have focused long enough to make any further comparisons. He whined, nails digging into Nigel’s arm as Nigel thrust brutally into him. “God, Daddy, *please* .”

“That’s it, baby.” Nigel bit at his chest, his nipples. He tugged at the piercings with his teeth, and his moan was louder than Will’s. “God, I want to see you decorated.” He ran his palm down Will’s chest, fingers tracing light enough over Will’s belly-button to make him squirm, and then gripped tight to his hips again.

It was rough, after that, as if that moment of imagination had sapped all of Nigel’s patience. Nigel bore into him, drove Will hard into the desk. There was no gentleness here, just passion, Nigel gasping into Will’s throat, breath hot against his collarbone.

“Close,” Will gasped. It felt like they’d barely started, but Nigel rutted up against his prostate with every aching thrust, forcing pleasure through Will in sharp bursts. “Daddy, make me come.”

“Soon, baby,” Nigel slipped a hand into Will’s hair and tugged it, arching his neck so Nigel could suck his own claim in bruises over it. He slowed his thrusts for a few moments, teasing

Will to the point of madness before finally relenting to drop a hand and stroke Will up.

Will damn near bucked off the desk at the sensation. “Oh fuck, that, like that,”

“You feel like fucking heaven, darling,” Nigel breathed, smearing their mouths together and sucking on Will’s tongue until the other whimpered, tensed around him. “Come on, show Daddy what his cock does to you.”

Will was more than happy to, flushed and pleading and an absolute mess already. He wrapped his legs around Nigel harder, held him close as he rode the wave after wave of pleasure he gave him to a spray of slick over his stomach and chest. Nigel ducked his head to lick over his sternum as he followed Will over, tensed and shuddering through his orgasm.

Will lay prone on Nigel’s desk, unmoving and unbelievably pleased. It had felt fucking fantastic. It had been unbelievably hot. He was almost sorry they couldn’t do this again.

Will didn’t rush Nigel to get off him, but he did drop heavy arms over his shoulders to vindictively wrinkle his expensive shirt between his fingers.

Nigel, surprisingly, turned out to be just as affectionate as Hannibal in the aftermath. He cleaned them both up with gentle touches, and tucked Will almost lovingly into his clothes—except his underwear, which had mysteriously vanished.

He insisted on driving Will home, even when Will awkwardly informed him he was going to Hannibal’s instead. He didn’t drive a Bentley, but the sleek, black, unobtrusive car still felt exorbitantly expensive.

“You don’t have to look so smug,” Will muttered when they pulled up. Nigel grinned, pulling him in by the chin to steal another kiss.

“Next time in a bed,” Nigel declared, stretching out his shoulders when he pulled away. Will stared at him. “What?”

“I just thought...” *That you couldn’t possibly want me once this was over.* “You got what you wanted. You stole Hannibal’s shiny new toy.”

Nigel frowned, gripping Will’s chin again and jerking his head back up when he tried to look away. “Baby, you didn’t take that seriously, did you?”

“I don’t know where I stand with you two,” Will admitted, but he did turn his face into the hand that softened against him. “I don’t know what either of you want from me.”

“Not from,” Nigel corrected him, drawing his knuckles down Will’s cheek. “Just you.”

Will snorted. “Charmer.” He hesitated a moment before climbing out of the car with a gentle wince he knew Nigel would notice. When he turned back he leaned through the open window. “Should I ask if you want to come in?”

Nigel grinned. “Kinky boy.”

Will's nose wrinkled as he smiled back. "I'll have you know that your brother walked me to the door and gave me a good night kiss when he dropped me off."

"Amateur."

Will ducked his head before pushing himself back from the car and waving vaguely. Nigel didn't drive away until Will was safely behind Hannibal's front door.

And then, only then, did dread sink into Will like claws. Sure, over the phone things were abstract, a concept, an idea. Over the phone you could easily tell your lover to do what he wanted if he was horny and that you didn't mind.

But when he came home, it would be real then.

It was real, now.

Will mounted the stairs as a sense of panic mounted him, and by the time he was in Hannibal's room he felt like he was going to throw up.

Hannibal shifted before Will even moved to pick up the blankets, stretching slowly and gazing at Will with the same expression that met Will every morning.

"Safe and sound?"

Will nodded. Swallowed. "I should shower."

"If you like."

"Tell me this is weird for you too."

Hannibal slipped from the bed. When he wrapped his arms around Will, Will sank into him with a soft whimper.

"I'm not in the habit of lying," he said softly, his face pressed into Will's sweat-damp curls. "I told you this wouldn't be held against you, and I meant it. I hate to see you so cautious with me."

Will tucked his face into Hannibal's throat, taking in deep breaths of his scent, so different from Nigel's. "He wants to do it again," he mumbled.

"Then I imagine you'll do it again. And I'll still be here for you to come home to."

Will clutched tight to Hannibal. This all seemed unreal, the sort of thing that didn't happen in real life. But Hannibal was here, holding him, not yelling, not angry. And Will couldn't turn away from that no matter how little he felt he deserved it.

"However," Hannibal said delicately, "My brother is a chain smoker, twice as bad as yourself, and a shower might not be amiss. I'll wash your hair."

Will snorted, looking up at Hannibal before pushing up to his toes to kiss him. The kiss felt the same, just as welcoming, just as adoring, and Hannibal still made Will feel so, so safe. Maybe it would be alright.

“I’d like that.”

Maybe they could find a way to make this work. Siblings learned to share, right?

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

"Hi. Beverly. The best friend."

"Charmed," Nigel said with an amused smile. "Nigel. The boyfriend."

"One of them," Bev agreed cheerfully, "or so I'm told."

"The better one."

Chapter Notes

The twins woo their boy in their very different ways.

Will wasn't sure if he was losing his mind or not.

He came to work, as he always did, sometimes with Winston, sometimes without him. If with, the dog would take his rightful place on his bed by the door and greet people walking by with a lazy wag of his tail. Otherwise, he would patrol the tables, checking in on the patrons, offering his head for a comfort nuzzle to those a little nervous.

Or he'd be a bundle of limbs in Bev's arms as she insisted on holding him, perched on the front desk with her legs curled up and the scruffy dog deposited within.

If Winston stayed home, he saw Bev more than he saw Will.

After the mindblowing night at Nigel's club, Will hadn't come to work for him again. He'd refused, in fact, on moral grounds, though the thought alone was laughable considering what he was doing and with whom.

In fact, Nigel had insisted - and his insistence was rather a powerful force - that Will no longer work as a bartender at all. Will had resisted for perhaps a week, before the reality sank in that he needed rest.

The brothers, apparently, had decided to learn to share. And while Will still hung on the precipice of wondering if he was about to be outed on candid camera, he took both of their affections into stride.

While they looked uncannily similar, and carried certain mannerisms between them that made Will double take more than once, the Lecter brothers could not have been more different in countenance and self-carriage.

Hannibal doted on Will much as he had before Nigel had come into the picture. Gorgeous dinners, delicious wine. Conversations late into the night and the most passionate lovemaking that left Will tingling to the very tips of his toes. Flowers, too, every day. Flowers that overflowed in Will's tiny apartment and out into his shop.

Nigel, on the other hand, treated Will the same way he had in his office. Will was Daddy's boy to him, to spoil and play with and fuck. And honestly? Will loved it. The dichotomy of the two of them made him harder than he wanted to properly think about. Because the truth of the matter was he was fucking twins. Separately, sure, but both of them. And that didn't happen in the real world... right?

"Who's plowing tonight?"

"Smooth, Bev, very nice."

"I'm just stating the obvious in the shape of a question."

"You're being an asshole."

"Graham, you're literally living in the middle of a porno, you realize that right? How, tell me, *how*, can I let you do that and not get the dirty?"

"By being a decent human being," Will shot back.

Nobody in his life was a decent human being, apparently, because about fifteen minutes before Will got off, Nigel waltzed right in the door like he belonged there. Will nearly dropped the drawer of cash he'd been counting.

Nigel leaned across the counter, beaming at him. "Hello, gorgeous."

"Nigel," Will said stiffly. Bev looked like she was about to wet herself with excitement. "You were supposed to pick me up from home."

"I was," Nigel agreed, "But I got out of work a little early, and how could I resist the urge to come see you in your natural habitat?"

"By being a decent human being," Will ground out for the second time that day.

To his horror, Bev scooted in front of him and stuck her hand out for Nigel to shake. "Hi. Beverly. The best friend."

"Charmed," Nigel said with an amused smile. "Nigel. The boyfriend."

"One of them," Bev agreed cheerfully, "or so I'm told."

"The better one."

Bev sighed, pressing her hand to her chest. “God, he’s like the literal anti-Hannibal. It’s so refreshing.”

“Pedantic bastard bored you to tears, has he love?” Nigel laughed, that low rumbling purr that both he and Hannibal had learned very quickly turned Will’s knees to water. It seemed to have a similar effect on Bev.

“Will, he’s cute.” She whined.

“Yes, he knows he is,” Will replied crisply. His cheeks were burning, his heart was pounding in his ears and he wanted as much to shove Nigel out the door as to yank him over the counter and kiss him. He did neither. He finished cashing up, to the amusement of both Nigel and Bev as they watched.

When he looked up, Nigel showed all his teeth in a grin. “Good boy. Come on, then.”

“Where are you taking me?” Will asked, playing at resignation. Nigel tugged him near and kissed him, uncaring - or perhaps enjoying - their audience.

“Wherever Daddy feels like, baby, you know the rules.”

“Oh my god.”

“Bev, stop.”

“ *Daddy* ??”

Will groaned, grabbing Nigel’s arm to bodily remove him from his shop as Bev followed and peppered him with questions. At the door, he pressed both hands to her shoulders and gave her an imploring expression.

“Take Winston out -”

“I know.”

“- and don’t just... don’t. With that.”

“With what?”

“You fucking know what.”

“Have fun with Daddy!” Bev yelled through the door, and Will cursed.

Nigel was not at all apologetic. He was the type of man who thought it would be just great if Will called him Daddy all the time, instead of just in bed, at least partially to watch Will’s cheeks flush and his body shiver. He stayed smug and overly pleased all the way through dinner (in which he and Hannibal were alike in their pretentious tastes), and was still grinning when he tugged Will into his apartment.

Nigel had a lavish apartment with an excessively large bed, but he always seemed to pin Will up against walls, biting marks into his throat that Hannibal would try to rival later.

“Don’t be mad, baby,” he whispered, tugging at Will’s earlobe, “I couldn’t help myself. I missed you.”

“She’s going to ask me about *Daddy* constantly, now,” Will complained. He struggled to keep his composure; Nigel’s mouth was extremely persuasive.

“I just want to take care of you,” Nigel said, “I bought you some presents.”

Will groaned, “Nigel, no, we talked about this.”

“ *You* talked. I never agreed to anything. I intend to spoil my baby.”

Nigel’s idea of ‘presents’ could be anything from sex toys to three months rent. Will had put his foot down, certain that he could never repay any of this, but Nigel wouldn’t be dissuaded.

Nigel’s hands slid down to cup Will’s ass, hauling him tight against Nigel’s body. “C’mon, sweetheart. Be a good boy for Daddy. You remember what happens to bratty boys, don’t you?”

Will frowned, though the expression was tempered by the blush bright in his cheeks. He wrapped his arms around Nigel’s neck and sighed, put upon.

“Yes.”

“Tell me.”

Will groaned, tucking his face against Nigel more, frustrated that even behind closed doors he still felt that immediate flush of humiliation at how much he enjoyed this. He’d never considered this would be a kink of his, he’d never wanted it to be. His body clearly did. With a sigh, Will pulled back enough to see him.

“Daddy spansks bratty boys.”

“Yes, he does.” Nigel caught Will’s chin and kissed him, a brief and chaste thing, and stepped away enough for Will to follow on his own. He dropped heavily into the plush couch, playing up the character he inevitably became with Nigel. Because honestly? It was fun. And it was hot as hell. He lifted his arms when Nigel tugged the hem of his shirt and laughed when a kiss was pressed to his stomach.

The first present was a new set of nipple bars. Most likely sterling silver. Most likely fucking diamond, and Will couldn’t even look without a whine. He liked them a lot. Nigel leaned in to draw his tongue over the barbells Will currently had in and Will shivered.

“You’re both addicted like magnets to those things,” Will mumbled, far from displeased. Nigel bit him sharply in answer.

“Be a good boy and put them on.”

So Will did, lounging back on the couch, chin tucked against his chest so he could see as he worked the delicate studs through his skin. He'd deliberately let his legs fall akimbo, his cock hard in his soft, torn jeans. When he was done he flicked his hair out of his eyes and raised an eyebrow.

"Satisfied?"

Nigel leaned forward, latching his lips around the brand new jewelry. Will arched and whined, wanton as Nigel liked him to be. Nigel sucked both nipples until they were reddened and sensitive, then pulled back. "Good boys say 'thank you.'"

Will licked his lips, shuddering beneath Nigel's fierce gaze. "Thank you, Daddy."

Nigel ran his palms up Will's thighs, watching him squirm and sigh happily under the touch.

There was lingerie, because there was always lingerie. Another thing the men had in common, although Nigel's taste was distinctly 'slutty' in comparison to Hannibal's more modest preferences. Will was wearing lacy red panties underneath his jeans at that very moment, and his underwear drawer was getting difficult to close.

There was one more box, and Will immediately closed it back up after he'd opened it. They'd already had this fight. Twice.

"No."

"Baby--"

"*No*," Will said firmly, "I am *not* wearing a chain so you can tug me around by the nipples like it's a fucking *leash*."

"Will."

"No." Will shoved the box into Nigel's lap, and remembered too late the rules of the game.

Nigel looked stern. He looked like a man who was *trying* to look furious, and was a bit too excited to pull it off. "That's not how we talk to Daddy, is it?"

"No, Daddy," Will said, widening his eyes and trying to make himself look meek.

"There are nicer ways to tell me you don't like something, aren't there?"

"Yes, Daddy." That Will was already rock hard in his jeans was humiliating, but his mouth had started watering the second Nigel had looked at him that way.

Nigel was on him before Will could do more than shove his butt back a few inches and he laughed, he couldn't help it.

"Shit!"

“No,” though Nigel’s voice was far more amused than disappointed, and he had absolutely no qualms for Will’s swearing in bed and out of it like Hannibal did. He caught a hand in Will’s curls and tugged him forward, as strong as his brother and just as capable of carrying Will around like he was a teenager rather than a grown man.

They struggled long enough for Will to vindictively shove the box to the ground and catch a slap for it, laughing helplessly as Nigel bent him deliberately over his knee and caught his wriggling feet beneath his leg.

“Will.”

Will licked his lips, didn’t look up. “Daddy?”

“Apologize.”

Will grinned, squirming a little more, enough to raise his hips and shift him to be able to rub his cock against Nigel’s knee.

“No.”

The first swat was muted by Will’s jeans, but it was still hard enough to be felt, hard enough for Will to bite his lip and shudder happily. Nigel gave him four more before he tried again, palm rubbing teasingly over Will’s backside. “Apologize.”

“Don’t wanna.”

Nigel reached under to unbutton Will’s jeans, guiding them down to trap his thighs. Will heard him inhale sharply, and then snap the elastic of Will’s panties against one of his thighs. “Do I have my slutty boy here today?” He slid a finger up under the fabric, teasing against Will’s hole. Will wriggled in his lap, grinding against Nigel.

“Yeah,” he said, moaning when Nigel smacked his ass through the red lace. “Don’t you want to fuck me, Daddy?”

“Naughty little thing,” Nigel whispered. He tugged the panties down just enough to reveal the pale globes of Will’s ass, just waiting to be marked up.

Nigel’s hands were firm, almost cruel. He spanked Will until he cried, pausing every few swats to prod Will for an apology. Will held out until his ass was red and hot to the touch, and his cock was leaking steadily into his panties.

“I’m sorry!” He yelped after another strike. Nigel hummed, rubbing over the place he’d just hit.

“What was that, baby? I don’t think I heard you.”

Another sharp smack. Will sobbed, shaking with how much he needed it. “I’m sorry, Daddy, I said I was sorry!”

Nigel squeezed the skin he'd been spanking, relishing the way Will rocked down against him, back up into his hand. Absolutely wanton, debauched boy. Nigel was entirely smitten with him. He'd had an exciting and substantial string of lovers in the past, Nigel didn't believe in denying himself, but Will was different for a great number of reasons.

Besides also being his brother's boy to fuck, he was beautifully responsive to play when Nigel persuaded him.

There hadn't been a night he hadn't managed to.

Nigel grasped Will's hair and arched him up, his other hand still on his ass as he met Will's eyes with his own hooded ones.

"Say it again baby,"

"I'm sorry, Daddy."

Nigel's smile was permission enough and Will kissed him, hands on Nigel's thighs, lips open to welcome Nigel in and body trembling with just how fucking *hard* he wanted to come right then. Neither brother seemed to care much how often Will did, with them, as long as he always did when they fucked.

But the challenge of holding off was always fun.

"Let me suck your cock," Will groaned, nuzzling up beneath Nigel's chin as he let up on the punishing position and let Will sink to his knees by the couch. "Please?"

"Rewards are earned, darling."

Will groaned, a low and petulant sound and wriggled out of his jeans as he reached for the dreaded box on the floor. He held it out to Nigel with a pout, sitting closer when Nigel beckoned him with a crooked finger.

The chain felt almost too delicate to be against Will's body. He was sure it would tear the first time Nigel yanked at it. And he had to admit, though grudgingly and only to himself, that he looked hot in it. He could see the appeal. It wouldn't stop him pretending to push against it.

"That's better, baby," Nigel purred, sitting back to admire his gift on Will as he worked his belt and jeans open, cock already hard and leaking when he stroked himself. "You look so pretty for Daddy now." He reached to curl his fingers in the chain, entirely smug, and tugged Will closer, spreading his legs for Will to bury his face between his thighs. "*Fuck*, gorgeous. All the way, come on."

Will swallowed him down, letting Nigel's cock muffle his moan. God forbid Nigel figure out it felt good, that Will had liked the feeling of a light tug to his nipples. Will would never hear the end of it. Worse, he'd wear the chain until he died. Nigel would never stop tugging on it, and Will would never be soft again.

Nigel liked all of Will's piercings, but the tongue was clearly his favorite. He moaned loudly when Will dragged the ball of the stud along the underside of his cock, wrapping his free

hand tight in Will's hair. He tugged until Will whimpered, grinning down at him.

"You want a reward, baby?"

Will hummed around him, begging wordlessly.

"Sweet boy."

Nigel tilted Will's head until he had an angle he liked, and then fucked hard into his mouth. Will loved it like this, rough and unrestrained, Nigel forcing his cock into Will's throat while Will choked on it and tried to catch his breath between thrusts. Nigel ground against the stud, alternating between rolling his hips and dragging Will down hard. Will's neck and jaw ached, saliva was seeping from the corners of his mouth, and he had to reach down to squeeze tight at the base of his cock to keep himself from coming.

"Good boy, don't come," Nigel groaned, working himself closer and closer to his own release. Will took everything he gave him, he begged him for it, and Nigel couldn't believe he'd gotten so lucky. He came down Will's throat, eyes half-closed as he watched Will swallow with a look of absolute bliss on his face.

When Nigel let him free he leaned in and tucked a hand beneath Will's chin to kiss him.

"Baby boy," he whispered, thumbing Will's swollen lips before dropping his hand to wind around the chain again. "So obedient when you want to be."

"Yes, Daddy."

Nigel tugged, enough that Will bit his lip and squirmed against the hand between his legs. Will looked absolutely gone already, beautiful thing. Nigel was hardly in a rush.

"You want to come for Daddy?" Will nodded, quick jerking motions until Nigel told him he could. He could sit back and stroke himself through his pretty panties so Daddy could see him come, and it took less than five minutes for Will to work himself over. Nigel's words, the chain he relentlessly tugged, his eyes on Will, all over Will...

"Fuck," he sighed, trembling where he sat, drawing a hand through his hair before pushing himself to his knees to crawl up to Nigel again, resting his head in his lap. "Fuck that was good."

Nigel rubbed a hand gently over his shoulder, down his arm, and back up again. "Good boy," He said softly. "I'm going to have to buy you more stuff if you keep making a mess of your pretty things."

"No thank you," Will groaned, "No more things. *Please* , Nigel. Daddy. I have no more room. I could wear a different pair of panties every day for a year and never do laundry."

Nigel chuckled at the exaggeration. "We'll see," he said, which meant Will was probably going to wake up to an entire new dresser one day. "Pizza sound good to you? I bought more beer."

Will hummed happily, nuzzling his cheek against Nigel's thigh. "That sounds fantastic."

--

"I have a surprise for you."

Hannibal was sprawled out over the sofa in his den, Will straddling his hips.

"Do you?"

Will nodded, grinning. "It's just a little thing, but I'm sure you'll like it. *Nigel* did."

Mentioning either in front of the other seemed to be the magic words. They were both eager to outdo each other. If Nigel had liked the surprise, Hannibal would be determined to *love* it. Will was learning to use their rivalry to his advantage, anything to make up for how exhausted he was keeping up with it.

Will took a deliberately slow sip of wine as he watched Hannibal school his expression to vaguely interested neutrality. Setting the glass aside behind himself, Will brought a hand up to work open the buttons of his shirt.

Nigel wasn't the only one who spoiled Will with gifts, though Hannibal's were rarely as ostentatious as his brother's were. Will still wore 'casual' shirts, but they were now 100% silk or Egyptian cotton, the dyes were natural indigo and sienna. Comfortable pants that cost more than Will's monthly rent that felt like he was wearing nothing at all, for the days he had to spend hours curled up over a design. Pretty things in lace, too.

Will took Hannibal's hand with one of his own and guided it between his legs, pushing himself up on his knees for Hannibal to stroke him properly. He leaned in just enough for Hannibal to see a glint of metal before licking his lips and reaching back for his glass again.

"How was your day?" He asked, casual as anything, as Hannibal drew the heel of his hand over Will's clothed cock and Will teased another button open.

"A single wedding called for fifty individual bouquets," Hannibal replied, amused.

"Completely mixed messages in their meaning, of course, but I am hardly one to educate."

"Aren't you?" Will asked, brow up as he finally revealed enough of his chest for Hannibal's eyes to hone in on the elegant chain and new jewelry Will wore. While he wasn't as obsessed with Will's body modification as Nigel was, he had a very healthy appreciation for how good Will looked with it.

"Guide, perhaps," Hannibal murmured, eyes unblinking as Will revealed more of his body and shouldered the shirt off entirely. It landed on the floor, casual as anything. "But not educate."

Will shivered, rolling his hips into Hannibal's grip. The chain bounced lightly against his chest; Hannibal's eyes followed it, rapt.

“And what about me?” Will asked, hooking his thumb in the chain. He tugged once, lightly, and watched Hannibal’s adam’s apple bob. “Do you want to guide me?”

“Only where you wish to be led.”

Will took pity on Hannibal, using his free hand to unbutton his pants. Immediately, Hannibal shifted his grip, slipping his hand inside and underneath the waistband of the silk undergarments Will had worn for him. His hand wrapped tight around Will’s cock, stroking him slowly.

Will leaned down over him, elbows braced on either side of him. He moaned softly, rolling his hips forward into the circle of Hannibal’s fist. On a whim, he took the chain in hand, brushing it over Hannibal’s parted lips. “Guide me, then.”

Hannibal took it between his teeth, eyes up on Will as he did. Will felt that surge of power rush through him again, knowing that he could control a man like Hannibal with the appeal of his mind and his body; that Hannibal would do this of his own accord because he *wanted to*.

Will smiled, leaned down to kiss the corner of Hannibal’s lips, up against his temples. He rested against him, letting his voice pour from him to show Hannibal just how good he made him feel, how wanted.

“You gonna keep me still if I move, hmm?” Will asked softly, shifting his weight back, watching Hannibal’s eyes narrow just a little as he stayed where he was, allowing Will to choose how painful the tug would be. Will endured, just to see how dark Hannibal’s eyes grew, how he slowed his hand against Will’s cock to a tease.

Hannibal lifted his chin, just enough, and Will came back to him, setting his elbows on either side of Hannibal’s head and pushing the chain from his mouth with his lips as he kissed him.

They had an entirely different dynamic than what Will found with Nigel. With Hannibal, he felt like a goddamn treasure. Like everything he did was worthy of adoration. Will liked sex, he liked it a lot. But he’d never, not even with how otherwise similar the twins were, found another lover like Hannibal.

“Keep your suit on?” Will asked, breathless, as he pulled back and felt Hannibal’s hands come up to press against his back. Hannibal smiled.

“Why?”

“So I can make a mess of it.”

Hannibal rarely smiled as wide as his brother, and when he did it sat differently on him. He kept his eyes on Will’s as he worshipped gently the new studs that held the chain to his chest. “As you wish.”

He rode Hannibal bare, loving the contrast, the smooth fabric against his thighs. Hannibal had looked absolutely awed when Will had pulled the travel sized packet of lube from his

pocket, managing to strip and stretch himself without ever leaving Hannibal's lap.

Hannibal always felt bigger like this, filling Will just a bit deeper. Normally, he held Will by the hips or the waist, helping to lift him up and down on his cock. Today, he didn't seem to know where to touch, alternating between cupping Will's ass and guiding the rolls of his hips, and reaching up to trail reverent fingers over the chain.

"Go ahead," Will told him, eyes fluttering shut as he found the angle that ground firmly against his prostate, "That's why I wore it."

Hannibal *growled*, something Will hadn't entirely believed was possible. He pulled Will down against him with a carefully measured tug on the chain, fucking up into his willing body in quick thrusts. Even then, he was worshipful, planting kisses across Will's jaw.

Will rode out the waves of pleasure, letting Hannibal set the pace. He tugged back on the chain to feel the pressure, and to watch Hannibal's eyes go dark at the thought of keeping Will where he wanted him.

He bit his lip and whimpered, turning feline and soft against Hannibal's biting kisses, arching his back to allow him the harsher tugs his fingers ached for. Will was floating in a haze of bliss, hair sticking in sweaty curls to his forehead as he tossed it and tensed himself around Hannibal's cock.

"God, I think about this so much," he admitted, breathless and needy, his cock leaking a mess over Hannibal's shirt, the bottom of his pristine tie. "Lying in bed alone some mornings, legs spread how you love to spread me, hand on my cock, just like this -"

He moaned, loud and needy, and curled his fingers around himself, pulsing slowly, still holding back.

"Sometimes I *ache* for your tongue in me," Will continued, working himself and Hannibal both onto a cresting wave. "Imagine you between my legs and spread myself wider... fuck, Hannibal, I come so hard just thinking about it. And then I have to go to work," he grinned, crying out as Hannibal tugged the chain again, bringing Will to a trembling moment of utter stillness before he sank down on his cock again. "And see you through the window, and think about all those thoughts in my head over and over."

Hannibal purred a word against him, one he'd said before, one Will had heard Nigel say as well, but had never asked either what it meant. It felt like silk against his skin. Will shivered.

"God you feel so good, Hannibal, please..."

Hannibal guided him, with tender touches and rough tugs, each in turn. He wrapped his hand around Will's, setting the pace for each stroke. Will was teetering on a precipice, so close and barely holding on, just to bring Hannibal with him.

It was Hannibal's mouth that did it, as it often was. Hannibal whispered praise into the hollow of his throat, sweet and filthy intertwined. He tugged hard at the chain, sucked a bruise over one of the piercings, and Will let pleasure overtake him.

They liked to mark Will a little too much, fighting over who could leave behind the most bruises, but Will liked to mark them as well. He came in long, gasping pulses, spilling damp stains over the fabric of Hannibal's suit. The tie would never recover. Will moaned at the thought, clenching tight around Hannibal as he rode out his own orgasm, hand fisted so tightly in the chain that Will could barely draw breath without tugging.

Will's nipples were sore by the time Hannibal let go. Not so much as to make him worry for the piercings, but enough that Hannibal gingerly kissed each one in an apology he didn't truly mean.

"I'd love to see you in more fine things," he suggested tentatively.

Will looked back down at him, momentarily distracted, and then began to laugh. "I'm not sure your neighbors would agree."

Hannibal followed Will's gaze to the floor to ceiling windows where the curtains had not been closed. Will giggled, pressing his cheek against Hannibal's temple as they both looked into the similarly open living room of the house next door. Currently unoccupied.

"It'll be a tight fit if you get booted from your house and have to move in with me," Will mumbled, biting his lip to stop himself laughing harder as Hannibal chuckled against him.

"We know how to make the most of a small space, if need be."

—

Six weeks.

Six weeks of being pampered and spoiled, of being fucked senseless and caressed.

Six weeks of more gifts than Will knew what to do with, and far too little sleep.

If he were honest, Will was surprised they had lasted six weeks at all, considering the lot of them.

Bev was closing up the til as Will made the rounds in the shop, Winston at his heels. Will changed the bins, pulled up the plastic wrap from the padded tables and replaced it with fresh stuff. He checked the towel dispensers, the hand sanitizer, the ink levels of his colors. He took inventory of Bev's equipment and made a note of what to order.

He'd nearly managed to properly close up his shop, as its goddamn owner. Nearly.

Hannibal arrived as he usually did, quietly and with a polite knock before he entered through the back door. He had sunflowers today, and presented them to Bev with a brief bow that delighted her.

"For me?"

"This time, yes, Miss Katz," he said, smiling. "Will does not have the demeanor to earn sunflowers."

“Funny,” Will mumbled, he allowed Hannibal to kiss him with a sigh and kissed back. He was tired, if he were honest. He wanted nothing more than to curl up and watch something stupid on television. He doubted he’d get the chance. He smiled when Hannibal held his hand out, palm up, for Winston to nuzzle into.

The problem didn’t arrive until Will and Bev were gathering their things to leave. Then, the problem showed up wearing a hideous dog-patterned shirt and an irritated frown.

“It’s my night, Hannibal,” Nigel said, arms folded as he leaned back against the door and effectively blocked the exit.

“It isn’t,” Hannibal said firmly, “Will and I have made plans.”

This was news to Will, but since Will was frantically searching his memory to figure out which of them was right, he didn’t feel it was his place to call Hannibal out on it.

“Bull *shit* , Hannibal, you’re always trying to pull crap like this! You can’t walk in and take over just because you look like someone’s accountant.”

From there, it devolved into what was probably Lithuanian. Hannibal never liked to argue in public, and definitely not in front of Will. Will rubbed at his temples.

“Wow,” Bev whistled, “is it always like this? They don’t show you this part in the pornos.”

“Will the two of you *shut up*?” Will snapped.

To everyone’s surprise, Will’s especially, they did. He drew a hand through his hair and tugged it with a groan.

“Why don’t we all just go home, our own, and sleep.”

A moment, two, and the arguing started again. Bev gestured to Will that she’d just go out the back and he passed her Winston’s lead as she did. Bless her soul, she slammed the door loud enough to shut them up again.

“Look, you two are great. You are. But I am *exhausted* .” Will said. “There are two of you and one of me, just one. And I don’t think I’ve had a *shower* at my house for the last two months, let alone slept in my own damn bed for longer than a nap before work. And now this!” He gestured helplessly between them. “We need a fucking schedule!”

“We wouldn’t need one, if Hannibal understood the rules of proper conduct,” Nigel shot at his sibling, arms crossed and frown deep as he regarded him. Hannibal scoffed in answer and brought a hand up to consider his nails as he answered in their mother tongue and Will had to call their attention to him again.

“I like it, I do, the sex, the fun, the time we spend together. Believe me if I didn’t you wouldn’t see me again. But I’ve had enough. I need to sleep. *Alone* . And you have to learn to share -”

“Will -”

“- or I am *leaving this* , and both of you.” Will finished, hand out to keep them both quiet until he was done. When he dropped it, it was with another sigh. “I don’t care how. Talk amongst yourselves. But I swear to God if you two come in here again and argue in my shop I will flay you both and use your skin for pattern practice.”

“Will...” Hannibal said softly. Nigel reached for him, and Will stepped back.

“Don’t. Just, don’t. Give me a night to get some actual rest for once, and figure out where we go from here, because I can’t do this anymore.”

Will pushed past them, pausing only to drop a key into Hannibal’s hand. “And lock up when you leave!”

By the time he got home, after fetching Winston from a very concerned Bev, Will was shaking.

“God, what the *fuck* did I do?” He asked Winston, who, of course, didn’t have any advice.

It was very likely that he was going to lose them both, now. Or worse, that he would have to cut them off himself. He couldn’t stop thinking about it, confronted everywhere he turned with reminders. The bedroom was completely off-limits, overflowing with unwanted but appreciated gifts, things that had made him blush and smile and, on occasion, hit Nigel over the head with a box. Hannibal, at least, shied away from the obscene.

Will ended up sprawled across the lumpy couch. So much for sleeping in his own bed.

—

It was Hannibal who called, which surprised Will. He’d thought Nigel would be chewing the damn phone line to leapfrog over his brother to get to Will first.

“Hello, Will,” Hannibal murmured, and Will immediately felt at ease. It was so familiar. So welcome.

“Hannibal, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t -”

“No, Will, you had every right,” Hannibal told him softly. “Both of us had grown selfish in our desire to spoil you and make you feel worthy. We would like to make amends.”

Will swallowed, staring at the water stained ceiling. “Both of you?” he felt he sounded far too hopeful.

“Both of us,” Hannibal confirmed. “Would you let us treat you to a night in?”

Will licked his lips. “I’d like that.”

“When would suit you best?”

Will faltered. He realized he’d never been asked before. “Tonight would work. We close at seven.”

“Perfect.” Hannibal’s voice felt like a kiss. “Shall I come and get you?”

Will felt more relieved than he could say. “Please.”

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

"I'm not insatiable," Will replied, blushing furiously. "I just want you to learn to share me if you want me."

Hannibal offered him a small smile, the Hannibal-equivalent of a beaming grin. "We've learned," he assured Will, "I believe we've come to a compromise that everyone can enjoy."

"Although you might enjoy it a little bit more," Nigel added.

Chapter Notes

For those not keen on Lectercest, there isn't any :) they share Will, not each other. Have fun!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The table was set for three, Will at the head of the table. He'd hesitated before sitting in what felt like Hannibal's spot, but Nigel pulled the chair out for him and ushered him into it.

Hannibal appeared to have compromised. He'd put his all into the meal, as usual, but it bore more standard fare than the complex meals he preferred. He'd made comfort food, warm, hearty stew with vegetables Will could actually name and recognize.

Hannibal poured wine; Will took deep swallows and tried not to look anxious. He *was* anxious. This was a ridiculous amount of effort to go to if they were planning to break up with him, but he couldn't fathom where, exactly, they went from here.

Maybe Nigel would call things off. Or Hannibal. Just the one, so that things could be more balanced, more typical. Maybe they would let Will decide.

There was no way Will could make a decision like that. His chest hurt just thinking about it.

The brothers were also surprisingly civil. Not that Will had expected bloodshed but they were talking together quietly as though they'd done it for years. And then it hit Will that they *had*. They'd shared meals together as children, as teens. They'd sat at a fancy table like this one and talked about nothing at all.

"Will," he blinked himself back to the now, "Are you alright darling?"

He turned to Nigel and found that smiling was harder than it should have been. Maybe he *wasn't* alright. He had no idea.

"This feels like a very fancy send-off," he admitted with a laugh. He glanced at Hannibal too.

"Far from it," Hannibal assured him. "Nigel and I may have irreconcilable differences but our affection for you is not one of them."

His twin hummed agreement and Will felt his cheeks heat again. If he wasn't being dumped then what the hell was going on?

"Yeah I," Will bit his lip, sitting back in the fancy chair with a sigh. "I don't want this to be over either." *But things need to change, I need space, I need rest, I need you to stop fighting over me like I'm a doll...*

"Just for the addiction to be tempered," Nigel added, as though reading Will's mind. Will nodded. He smiled. "We have a tendency to forget you're able to get tired, baby, insatiable as you are. Just need to pare it back."

"I'm not insatiable," Will replied, blushing furiously. "I just want you to learn to share me if you want me."

Hannibal offered him a small smile, the Hannibal-equivalent of a beaming grin. "We've learned," he assured Will, "I believe we've come to a compromise that everyone can enjoy."

"Although you might enjoy it a little bit more," Nigel added.

Will looked from one to the other, hopeful, but also confused. Nigel stood and came around behind him, digging skillful fingers into his shoulders. Will leaned back into the touch, looking nervously over Hannibal.

Hannibal had that same smile on, a quirk of his lips that made Will shudder. He stood, reaching for Will's hands and pulling him to his feet.

Will found himself pressed between them, nose to nose with Hannibal, Nigel pressed up against his spine. Will's heart was racing. "I don't..."

Hannibal kissed him thoroughly, cupping Will's jaw to ease his head back and coax his lips open. Behind Will, Nigel gripped his hips, leaving a trail of bites along his throat.

"You wanted us to share," Nigel whispered, "We've come up with a few ideas."

Will moaned out a shivering little noise and fell lax between the two of them. Now he was sure he was dreaming. Because this *was* porn. This was what happened in *porn*. Twins, gorgeous twins, and Will between them.

He reached forward with one hand, back with the other, catching anything he could blindly and clinging on as Hannibal's hand slipped into his hair and Nigel's teased the hem of his shirt.

"You're not -" he managed, before he was thoroughly kissed again. Nigel started meandering practiced fingers up Will's chest, working the buttons of his shirt open as he went. "Oh, God, you actually are, fuck -"

"Consider it," Nigel purred, pleased, when he saw the chain Will was wearing. Terrible boy. "A test of egos."

"A reconciliation of them," Hannibal amended, slipping one hand down to cup Will's ass, encouraging him to arch his hips forward as Nigel drew Will back against him. "A reminder for us to keep them in check when you drive us mad."

"And an excuse to drive *you* mad," Nigel added, hooking a finger through the chain and tugging lightly.

Will moaned, eyes shut tight. This was entirely too much, too many hands, too many mouths. Hannibal sealed his mouth around a nipple to suck, and there was *still* someone available to tug Will's head back and lick against the roof of his mouth. He was weak at the knees, trembling in their touch.

"Hannibal," Nigel murmured, "I think the poor thing needs a bed under his knees."

Hannibal pulled back with a slow drag of his teeth over the barbell. Will whimpered.

"You may be right."

Will had *no idea* how they managed to get up the stairs. It was hard enough with just two people, eager and needy. Now there were three, and neither of the other men seemed to want to stop touching Will. He nearly fell off the landing when Nigel got a hand down his pants, cupping his cock through his briefs.

"No pretty panties for us today?" Nigel teased.

Will laughed, he couldn't help it. A hand came up to press to his face as Nigel divested him of his pants and Hannibal drew his fingers in reverence over the horned creature Will had tattooed over his belly and hip.

"I wasn't going to wear something like that to a break up dinner."

Hannibal's breath puffed in a laugh over Will's skin and he shivered. Nigel's fingers tugged his hair as he looked over Will to his brother.

"Did we give that impression?"

"I suppose he expected us to be unable to share."

Nigel clicked his tongue, or perhaps Hannibal did, Will had no idea anymore, he was overwhelmed by the two of them in one place like this, smells and bodies, and voices mingling in ways only his kinky dreams had brought to life.

"Terrible thing. Doesn't he know yet?"

Will didn't care what he knew or didn't know. He felt his feet moving because they were all moving, and when the bed came up against his knees he crawled out from between the two of them and rolled himself over to sit up and look.

The two of them were extraordinary, standing side by side they were like a "find ten differences" picture. And yet when they both blinked, tilted their heads just so...

"Oh, fuck me."

"That was certainly the plan," Hannibal replied, bringing a hand up to work free a cufflink.

Will bit down hard on his lip, thighs pressing together as he squirmed backwards to the dead center of the bed. He had the perfect view of both of them, shedding clothes until Will had to shut his eyes. It was too much to see both of them bared to him like that.

He heard a chuckle, too low to distinguish between the two of them, and then the bed dipped. Will snuck a peak just in time to be rolled onto his belly, Hannibal arranging him on his knees while Nigel dragged him into a wet, messy kiss.

Slick fingers nudged gently at his entrance, while Nigel used the chain to pull Will's chest low to the bed. He caught Nigel's smirk as he said something to Hannibal in Lithuanian, visibly pleased by whatever Hannibal said in response.

"That's not fa- ah!" Will ducked his head, moaning high and needy as Hannibal speared him open, curled fingers rubbing right up where Will wanted him.

"Oh baby boy," Nigel teased, mimicking the touch with two fingers against Will's tongue, "We never learned to play fair."

Will bit down, just enough to see Nigel's eyes narrow, before obediently sucking the digits.

And this was... well it was fucking hot, for one thing. Will hadn't actually had a threesome before; he'd imagined them, he'd watched porn of them, but he'd never had the confidence to bring two men into his bed, worried he wouldn't be enough to keep them entertained and would end up the third wheel jerking off by the headboard.

He knew for a fact that he was enough for these two. He just didn't know if there would be enough of *him* for them both to enjoy once they got started. Both had the habit of absolutely exhausting him alone, but together...

"How many times do you think we can make him come?" Nigel asked, casual as anything, as he turned his fingers in the chain and tightened it with the motion alone.

"Tonight?"

"I suppose aim for the endgame, yeah. Per hour might kill him."

"There are certain limits to the human body, alas," Hannibal admitted, and Will whimpered when he added a third finger and bent to kiss hot against his ass. Nigel slipped his fingers free of Will's mouth to snag the in his hair instead and lifted Will's head up.

“How many times can you come for Daddy, sweetheart?”

Will was sure he blushed all over his body at the words. “Nigel, come on -”

“‘Daddy’?” Hannibal’s tone was amused and Will groaned, as much from the delicious pressure against his prostate as from humiliation.

“Don’t you start.”

“Hey.” Nigel tugged Will in both directions, his head tilted back while Nigel pulled at the chain, enough to make Will whine. “Daddy asked you a question.”

He looked entirely too satisfied with himself. Will wanted to bite him again, but then Nigel glanced over his shoulder and Hannibal dragged his fingers out, and the emptiness was so cruel that Will wanted to cry instead.

“I don’t know, Daddy,” he gasped, squirming on his knees.

“His record with me is three,” Hannibal volunteered. Will shuddered at the way Nigel’s eyes darkened.

“I think you’re holding out on both of us, baby boy,” he said, letting Will’s head drop again. “With me as well, but I promised him we’d beat it one day, didn’t I, baby?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Will whimpered, spreading his thighs wider as Hannibal’s fingers slid back into him, rubbing against his prostate in slow, measured thrusts.

“Three seems entirely doable, with our plans for him.”

“You hear that, baby?” Nigel leaned in, nipping teasingly at Will’s lower lip, “You’ve got two of us to impress tonight.”

Will laughed, helpless. “You two will be the death of me.”

“The French do call it *la petite mort* .”

“Pretentious poetic bastards,” Nigel replied, freeing his fingers from the chain at Will’s chest and stroking his face softly as his whimpers grew louder. “Always hated studying that shit at school.”

“You hated studying everything.”

“Not true.” Nigel grinned but didn’t elaborate, stepping nearer the bed and guiding Will up on all fours to kiss him deep as Hannibal stretched and stroked his fingers within him. Will kissed back desperately, legs spread obscenely wide and back arched to present his hips up for Hannibal. He felt absolutely filthy doing this and it made him so hard he felt like he’d been kicked in the gut.

With a soft groan he dropped a hand between his legs, but two precise and clear clicks from two teasing tongues had his hand back on the bed immediately.

“It just fucking gets me how obedient he can be,” Nigel murmured, pressing Will’s lips out of shape as he stroked himself where Will could see, watching his eyes darken at the promise of what was coming.

“Why,” Hannibal asked. “Is he disobedient with you?” His smile spoke volumes, and Nigel’s bark of a laugh was the only thing to warn Will before his mouth was filled with cock.

Will swallowed greedily, moaning around the thick intrusion.

“Not once you get a cock in him,” Nigel told Hannibal, “Then he’s the sweetest little kitten, aren’t you?”

Appalled at the pet name, Will grazed his teeth ever-so-gently over the length of Nigel’s cock. Nigel smacked him in retaliation, pulling another moan from Will’s lips. Behind him, the fingers stilled.

“Oh, don’t act so offended,” Nigel said, rolling his hips forward, slowly forcing more of his cock into Will’s throat. Will could practically hear his eyes rolling, but was too focused on eagerly swallowing Nigel down to look up.

“He likes it,” Nigel continued, “Naughty little slut. He likes just about anything you can do to him.”

Will would like it more if the fingers inside him kept moving. He thrust back against them, driving himself between the two men, moaning shamelessly.

And then Hannibal’s hand cracked against his backside. Startled, Will tensed up, clenched tight around the fingers, and came with a desperate whine, writhing on his knees as he rode out the waves.

“How curious,” Hannibal’s hand teased over the reddening mark enough to tickle, and Will whined louder, choking a little as Nigel held him in place. He damn near bit him in half when Hannibal spanked him again.

And then it was a dizzying fall into what Will could only assume were the fevered sexual imaginings of Dante.

Nigel fucked into him, as hard as Will loved to be forced, giving him moments of reprieve to catch his breath before holding him near again, shoving Will’s face into the rough wiry hair at the base of his cock. And behind him, Hannibal took his time learning just how pretty Will’s ass looked when it was spanked pink.

He hadn’t been rough with Will, not in the way Nigel was, but that didn’t mean that the thoughts hadn’t crossed Hannibal’s mind. Unlike his brother, Hannibal rarely spoke of the things he wanted to do, he gauged a response and reacted accordingly. And this... this was a very welcome, very lovely surprise.

When Nigel’s fingers slipped from Will’s hair, he immediately pulled back, catching his breath, sucking obscenely at the spit dripping from his bottom lip. He whimpered, high and

needy as Hannibal struck the delicate and sensitive curve of muscle between Will's ass and thighs.

"Harder, please, *God* , harder."

Nigel slapped him, not hard enough to hurt, but enough to pull another agonized, needy noise from the young man between them.

"Greedy thing. Already made such a mess, and haven't made either of us come."

"Inconsiderate," Hannibal agreed, amused, before tucking his hands against Will's stomach and helping him sit up and back. "Stay just there for me."

Will did, trembling and overwhelmed, eyes hooded as he watched Nigel before him, as he turned his head just enough to catch Hannibal in his peripheral vision, climbing into bed behind him. He went as he was tugged, sitting back against Hannibal's chest, allowing his legs to be spread obscenely wide by Hannibal's own. He could feel how hard the man was, against the base of his back, and reached up to tug Hannibal's hair.

"Fuck me," he begged, grinning when Hannibal kissed him. "Come in me, let me make you feel good."

"I told you," Nigel said, hands dropping to Will's hips, "So good once he gets some cock."

Hannibal's arms wound around Will's waist. Together, they lifted him up, guiding him to sink down onto Hannibal's cock. Will shuddered, whimpering softly, still so sensitive from his orgasm. He'd taken each of them like this before, overwhelmed and sore, but it was different now. Different with Nigel down on his belly before Will, lapping his softening cock clean.

"Oh no..." Will whispered as Hannibal's hands trailed gently down to his hips, "Oh *god* ."

"We have so many plans for you," Hannibal murmured into his ear, "So many things we can try, now that we're working together." He thrust up, using his grip on Will's hips to bounce him in his lap. Will cried out, reaching back over his shoulder to clutch at Hannibal.

It could have been enough. It *was* enough. But neither of them could have let it be just that, not when they could bring him to new heights.

Nigel leaned forward, hands on Will's thighs, helping to hold him open for Hannibal's thrusts. He took Will's cock into his mouth, sucking hard, forcing Will back to hardness even as he squirmed in their grips.

Will didn't know who to be right then.

He'd never lied to either of them, but he had always comfortably adjusted parts of himself to fit better with who they themselves were; with Nigel, he was sluttier, brasher, a petulant and angry thing. With Hannibal he was sensual, in control, hungry and aching for the affection he received.

Between them now, he was helpless. Body trembling with how overstimulating everything was, heart hammering with the disbelief, blissful disbelief, that this was actually happening. He dropped a hand to Nigel's hair and tugged, not enough to pull him away but enough to feel the low growl of warning vibrate through his bones.

"I'm going to come," he whined, squeezing his muscles tense around Hannibal, wanting him to come too, wanting him to fill Will up and sate himself, if only for the time.

It was true, he had come thrice at the very most in one night with each of them, and then he had slept like the dead, plastered to their strong forms, matching his heart beat to theirs. He had no idea how he would survive this onslaught. He wasn't sure he wanted to.

"Want to feel you so deep," Will breathed, turning his head back to kiss awkwardly against the corner of Hannibal's lips, lips parting on a whimper as Nigel sucked him hard, tonguing the head of his cock until Will's thighs were shaking. "Hannibal, please -"

A sharp pinch to his thigh, as Nigel made sure he didn't forget who was bringing him pleasure. Will's head dropped against Hannibal's shoulder. "Daddy," He whined, helplessly caught between them, "Daddy, it's so much."

Nigel swallowed him deep, just as Hannibal's hands grew rough, dragging Will back onto him in quick, grinding rolls of his hips. Will let go, losing himself from Hannibal's orgasm, tipping over into one of his own. Nigel swallowed him down, pulling away with one more rough drag of his tongue over the head.

Will trembled, eyes shut tight as he collapsed back against Hannibal. He tried to pull his thighs together, whimpering when Hannibal's legs kept his open.

And then he was moving, Nigel hauling him off of Hannibal's cock and down immediately onto his own. Will yelped, wrapping his arms around Nigel's neck. Nigel turned them both, collapsing forward with Will beneath him and immediately fucking hard into Will's body.

"Oh *fuck*," Will sobbed, nails raking down Nigel's back. Nigel growled something in Lithuanian, and Hannibal came to rest by Will's head, trapping Will's wrists in his lap.

"It's alright, darling," Hannibal told him, running gentle fingers over the inside of his wrists, "Let Daddy have his way with you."

Will outright sobbed, fisting his hands and putting up as pathetic a struggle as his exhausted body could manage as Nigel fucked him, as Hannibal held him, as both leaned near enough to whisper their praises and fantasies, and ideas for Will for the rest of the night, the day after, the day after that...

Will was coming apart at the seams.

He could feel his wide his smile was even as tears burned the corners of his eyes, even as someone took hold of the chain and tugged it up, enough for Will to arch beautifully for the two of them, caught, trapped, owned by them entirely.

“Daddy,” Will bit his lip, let it go when warm lips found his own and worked them open in a kiss. Hannibal. He could still tell them apart by taste, at least.

“Ask him nicely, Will.”

“Daddy wanna make you come,” Will mumbled. His eyes were closed, and even if they were open he doubted he’d see much at all. His head was humming with the zing of every single nerve ending responding to the two of them. He wasn’t sure how he was still breathing.

He’d ache trying to roll over, when they were through with him.

And there was no way he was going to get hard again so soon, not now. Not even with Nigel taking him so hard that Will’s breath was pushed from his lungs with every thrust.

“Wanna make you come, Daddy, please -”

“Fuck, baby,” Nigel’s breath felt like fire against Will’s throat. Hannibal’s the same at his temple, the two of them creatures from another realm sizing him up for a meal. “Going to make a mess of you, have you absolutely filthy in Hannibal’s bed. You know he doesn’t approve of messiness.”

Will sobbed, nodding hard and clinging to Hannibal where he still had him pinned, parting his lips on a whimpering cry as he aimed his pleading at Hannibal next, out of his mind with pleasure.

“I’m sorry I’m a mess, I’ll be good, I’ll be so good, Hannibal -”

Hannibal hushed him, freeing up one of his hands to thumb gently over Will’s sore nipples. “I know you will. Such a good boy for us. You’ll clean up your mess, won’t you? Lick it all up when we tell you to.”

Will’s soft cock pulsed, a pitiful drop of clear fluid leaking out. He dug his heels into the bedding, arching and sobbing as Nigel seemed to aim right for his prostate, forcing every ounce of sensation out of him.

Nigel pulled out at the very end, fisting himself frantically. His seed splashed over Will’s cock, his thighs, smearing a heated mess over him and making him moan with every pulse. “Messy slut,” he praised, taking Will’s wrists from Hannibal and leaning down to kiss him thoroughly.

Will kissed back, frantic and eager, right up until he felt Hannibal lifting Will’s knees over his shoulders. He broke away with a gasp, shaking his head, “Oh god, no, I can’t!”

It turned out that he could. Over and over again, they passed Will between themselves, with little care for whether he came or not. Hannibal had apparently been told Will’s safeword; he remained as merciless as Nigel was no matter how hard Will sobbed and begged. Eventually, Nigel had to bind Will’s hands behind his back with one of Hannibal’s ties, just to keep him from scratching at them while he shook.

“Nooo,” Will mumbled into Hannibal’s throat. He felt like it had been hours since he’d first been opened up. He couldn’t count the amount of turns each of them had taken with him, neither coming again, just happy to fuck him until he passed out.

“Yes,” Hannibal told him, one hand cupping the back of his head, the other rubbing his back gently. “You can take this, Will. You’ve already taken so much.”

Hannibal had Will draped over his chest, impaled on his cock. Nigel was two fingers deep alongside it, stretching Will open just a little bit more. “Open up for Daddy,” he said, pulling his fingers out and lining himself up.

Will did.

God help him, he somehow did.

A pressure was almost cruel now, his body weak and dehydrated and worn out beyond all reason and yet he was still arching his back, still sobbing his need, still not calling an end to this because he had to see, he just had to.

“Oh my God,” he whined, teeth grit hard together, tears leaking from the corners of his eyes as Nigel pressed up hot against his back and pushed him closer against Hannibal in the same motion. “Too much, too fucking much,”

He laughed, a helpless and breathless release of energy because he had no strength to release it any other way. His fingers spread as he twisted his wrists in the bind that held him, seeking contact in whatever way he could get. He sighed when Nigel took one hand, squeezing hard in reassurance. He sobbed, when Hannibal took his other, just as strong a hold.

“We’ve got you baby,” Nigel breathed, his voice shattered. “Both of us have got you, baby, just like this.”

They moved slowly, enough that it still hurt, that Will felt like he was being torn apart, but in a way that was so intimate that he cried against Hannibal’s chest instead.

He had never felt so *wanted* before. He thought he’d found its peak with each of them alone, but together they took Will apart and put him back together like the most treasured thing, their own jealousies shut away for the time it took them to bring Will to a puddle of whimpering pleasure.

Will couldn’t come again, he knew he wouldn’t be able to. He didn’t care if they did, either. He wanted at once for this to be over and for it never to end. He held to their hands, pressed slippery kisses to Hannibal’s sweaty chest, arched back to feel Nigel just the same against him from behind. This was heaven, plain and simple.

And shit, what a way to go.

Slow, careful thrusts, neither pushing him any further than they already had. Just a cautious push and pull, just enough for Will to feel it, and god, he felt it, he felt it everywhere.

They did come, in the end. Nigel inside of him, Hannibal over his thighs. Will was barely aware, crying quietly between them.

They laid him out over the bed, untying him, wiping him down with warm, damp cloths. Hannibal rested another cloth over his eyes, which was the best idea Will had ever heard of. They spoiled him, one rubbing sensation back into his body, the other holding chunks of fruit to his lips. When he tried to reach up and help, someone gently pressed his wrist back down.

“We’ve got you,” someone told him, whispered too softly to tell who. They cleaned up between his thighs, making him whimper no matter how gentle they were, soothing him with sweet little kisses.

He fell asleep like that, between one touch and the next, and when he woke it was with both men wrapped tight around him.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

"God, did everyone know but me? Bev was on my case too."

"Oh absolutely. The fuck do you think we talk about when we're fucking you?"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Bev was never going to let him live it down.

Will had no idea why he'd told her, other than the frantic need to tell *someone*, to get it out of his chest where it felt so overwhelming.

He liked to think that her teasing came from a place of jealousy; after all, no one had ever stuffed *her* as full of cock as she could- no, that train of thought had gone somewhere *extremely* uncomfortable.

It would have been fine, except she kept trying to get him to compare various objects to Nigel and Hannibal's erections, and he was fairly certain if Nigel came by the shop again, she was going to ask him the sort of embarrassing questions she hadn't yet dared ask Hannibal.

Today, the object was an actual, honest-to-god *dildo*. Will took one look at it and dropped his head onto the front desk. "Beverly Katz, I have *not* had enough coffee for your bullshit today."

"Come on!" Bev groaned, making the thing wiggle obscenely. "Just a hint. Bigger? Smaller? Thicker?"

"Yes." Said Will, smiling flatly when she huffed a frustrated breath.

"You're no fun."

"No, I'm am absolute bore. It's why I'm single."

"Oh fuck you," Bev laughed, slapping him with the toy hard enough to actually sting.

"Ow! Dude?? Put it away, you have an industrial coming in in five, and you always get walk-ins around lunchtime. Kids don't need to see that shit."

"Isn't Nigel coming in for ink today?"

"Nah, I'm bringing the gun over later," Will replied, distracted. "A touch up and something new he wanted but the bastard won't tell me what."

Bev's silence was enough to draw Will's gaze back to her after a few moments. "What?"

"You're taking the tattoo gun to his house."

"Yeah?"

"You," Bev said, enunciating slowly, "Mr. By-the-book. Mr. No-Freebies-No-Discounts. You're gonna bring the tattoo gun to his *house*. Is he even paying you for this?"

"We hadn't discussed it," Will said defensively. "Nigel isn't the type to expect something for nothing."

"But you weren't going to charge him."

Will leaned back in his seat, arms folded. "Nigel's never asked anything of me. It's the least I can do for him."

Bev leaned forward, a curious look on her face. "What's Hannibal's favorite flower?"

"Orchids," Will said slowly, raising his eyebrow, "Phalaenopsis. Because they can be difficult to grow."

To his surprise, Bev smiled, her face softening. "You really love them, don't you?"

"No?" Will swallowed. He could feel his cheeks heating. He didn't *love* them. Bev was just being Bev. "We have fun." He added.

Bev hummed. "Yep. Fun. Spending the night with either of them every night. Home made dinners. Gifts."

"I never ask for those."

"That's why they're gifts, Graham."

Will shifted uncomfortably again. Surely he didn't love them? Just because he knew that Hannibal drank his coffee black and bitter and Nigel liked it sweet, just because he could swear in French with Nigel - who didn't know what he meant - but not with Hannibal who would chasten him with his impeccable pronunciation. Just because -

"I'm fucked, aren't I?" Will mumbled, staring into space.

"Frequently, from what I hear."

Will gave her a helpless look.

"Look," she told him, "Does it have to be the end of the world? So you have feelings. Everyone does. They adore you, Will."

“You don’t know-”

Bev smacked her hand down onto the desk. “Let me tell you something, Will. I have little sisters and there is not a single one of them I would share a bed *or* a dick with.”

Will went red, glancing away. “It’s not like-”

“It is *exactly* like that. Because they love you.”

Will tilted back in his chair, staring helplessly at the ceiling. “When did my life get so fucking complicated?”

“Around the time you started fucking your boyfriend’s identical twin.”

“Shut up, Bev.”

It would be easier with Hannibal, who was practically made for love confessions. Or maybe it would be easier with Nigel, who was a romantic at heart, regardless of how much he loved to treat Will like his own private slut.

Will had no idea what he was doing, it turned out.

After the "reconciliation", where Will slept like the dead and was doted upon by the two of them the entire next day as he recovered, the tension between them had eased. They still fought, they were still twins, but there was a different edge to the arguments now, if any occurred.

Now they pertained to Will's schedule and health, rather than the Lecters' desires for him.

It was embarrassingly flattering.

They had an actual schedule now, a goddamn timetable for when Will spent the night or went on a date with either.

Once a month, by Will's pouting request, they both drove him insane between them.

Will's record was four, now.

He and Hannibal were meant to go to dinner, they usually did regardless of date night or spending-the-night. Will liked it.

No, he loved it, apparently. Fucking Bev.

So when Hannibal came to get him Will acted absolutely normal. Normal enough that the first thing Hannibal asked him when they broke their kiss was:

"Has it been a difficult week, then?"

Will laughed, helpless, and shook his head. "Enlightening, actually."

Amusement narrowed Hannibal's eyes and Will sighed, offering him a squinting smile from beneath his fringe.

"You'll think I'm an idiot."

"Never."

Will laughed again, taking Hannibal's lapels and leaning close. "If you laugh, I will hit you."

"Of course."

"I love you."

The corner of Hannibal's lips quirked up, which was as good as a laugh. Will swatted his shoulder gently.

"Should I be worried that the very thought causes you distress?"

"I'm not distressed," Will insisted, tugging Hannibal in for another kiss. This one lingered, each sweet press of lips slightly longer than the last, until there was a very good possibility that Will would let Hannibal have him over the front desk.

If Bev interrupted this moment, Will would kill her.

"I love you too," Hannibal said softly, cupping Will's jaw in his hand. Will leaned into it with a sigh and a smile.

"We should get out of here before Bev includes you in her new favorite game. No!" He said when Hannibal glanced towards the back of the shop, "Don't you dare ask her!"

"As you wish, my love."

Nigel turned out to be harder. There never seemed to be a right time to tell him. Yes, they liked to sit together and watch TV, or talk, or go out and work off some energy in Nigel's club. But that usually came *after* the fucking. *After* Nigel bent Will over the back of the sofa and told him to 'take Daddy's cock like a good little slut.'

That didn't seem like the best time to say it.

In the end, Will said it sprawled on his stomach, Nigel's come smeared over his ass, wearing absolutely nothing but a god-awful pink collar labeling him 'SLUT' in shining capital letters. That moment honestly wasn't any better, but Will couldn't help himself. They were in bed together, Nigel holding out his cigarette for Will to take a drag, and it just tumbled out.

"I love you."

Nigel's brow quirked, a far too attractive expression, the smug bastard. He licked his lips and pressed the cigarette to them again.

“Fuck, baby,” he sighed, narrowing his eyes at Will. “I love you too. Wish I didn’t, of course, would make it much easier to be mad at you for losing me two hundred fucking bucks but,” he shrugged. “Can’t be helped.”

Will blinked. “What?”

Nigel’s smile was wide for a moment, and he leaned closer with a put-upon groan until he and Will were nose to nose, the cigarette held out to the side and out of the way.

“I didn’t think you’d say it until we did,” he murmured, smiling as Will’s cheeks heated. “Hannibal assured me you would.”

“You bet on my love?”

“No, no darling, never that,” Nigel kissed the tip of his nose softly. “I’m a cunt but even I wouldn’t trivialize something like that. No. We bet on whether or not you would ever tell us in words.”

Will blinked a moment more before groaning and burying his face in his arms. “I take it back, I hate both of you.”

Nigel just laughed, pushing himself up to toss the cigarette into the ashtray before crawling over Will to press him to the sheets, one hand rubbing up and down his side until Will relaxed again.

“You should tell Hannibal, he’ll be thrilled.”

Will flushed. “I’m not telling either of you anything. Ever again.”

“You will,” Nigel said, nuzzling up under his jaw to plant teasing little kisses there. “Because you love us.”

Will shoved halfheartedly at his chest. “God, did everyone know but me? Bev was on my case too.”

“Oh absolutely. The fuck do you think we talk about when we’re fucking you?”

Will’s blush deepened to a scarlet. “You don’t.”

“We do,” Nigel confirmed with a wicked grin, “Well, that and how we’re going to torture you next. The only two subjects we agree on.”

Will groaned again. “Get off of me, I hate you.”

Nigel nipped playfully at his chin. “That’s a terrible way to talk to Daddy.”

“Nigel, don’t.”

Nigel did. Will slept *soundly* that night, but his ass ached for days.

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU TO EVERYONE WHO LOVED AND SUPPORTED THIS STORY ALONG WITH US!! We had a great time, and we know for a fact that Will did too.

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End Notes

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Compersion: (uncountable) The feeling of joy one has experiencing another's joy. (often used in Polyamorous relationships to express joy when your partner is in love with/happy with another partner who is not you)

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